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# CITIES OF SIN





# Cities of Sin

BY HENDRIK DE LEEUW

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## PREFACE

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**W**HEN we search the dimmest recesses of antiquity, we learn of the Minotaur, the perverted and ferocious beast of passion, to whom the Athenians, to satisfy King Minas, paid their tribute of seven virgins and seven youths. To these Athenians this offering was a great calamity and raised a hue and cry throughout their land.

Yet we witness every day of the week, year in and year out, similar offerings of countless times seven virgins on the altars of modern Babylon, to the Minotaur, that insatiable beast of passion. Do we rise up in indignation and strive to prevent this daily tribute? Certainly not! We may express surprise with a few choice "ahs," when the matter is brought to our attention. We may blame modern youth, youthful delinquencies, cocktail parties, taxi dance halls, social deficiencies and economic depression . . . and then go about our daily business.

Prostitution, white slavery and trade in women and children, all vastly menacing forms of our social structure, are

no new thing in this world. We find the first records of actual bartering of woman's favors in the Bible, eighteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. We read of a certain Tamar, daughter-in-law of Juda, a widow. Desirous of having that for which women throughout the ages have longed, the possession of a child, she cast aside her widow's garments. She covered herself with a veil and sat in an open place to ply that most ancient of ancient professions. Juda, beholding her in this conspicuous place, thought her a harlot.

And so ever, since the dawn of civilization, women have practiced and men have encouraged this profession. This social evil has been condoned and banned at intervals throughout recorded history and has played an important part in the development of civilization. Yet, when anything pertaining to it is mentioned, hypocritical society, at the mere utterance of the word, prudishly stops its ears and covers its face with its hands to conceal its blushes.

The ethnological and sociological study of races and Oriental peoples has commanded my attention for years. It was only natural that the plight of the disinherited women of this vast Oriental world, who, through deprivation of the needs that make for the moral and physical well-being of women, were denied a chance to earn an honest living, should have become a part of my investigations.

I divided the result of my researches, which preceded those

of the League of Nations Special Committee by a few years, into two parts. *Cities of Sin* embraces the Oriental phase of the traffic. The result of my investigations, bearing on the traffic in the major cities of Europe and America will be contained in the succeeding volume to *Cities of Sin*.

Almost simultaneous with the going-to-press of *Cities of Sin*, the report to the Council of the League of Nations Commission of Enquiry into the Traffic in Women and Children in the East, saw the light. I have been requested to make a few observations in this preface about the imposing report of the Commission, covering 529 pages, and I am glad to avail myself of that opportunity. The traveling Commission, composed of Mr. Bascom Johnson (U.S.A.), Director of the legal section of the American Association for Social Hygiene, Madame Dr. Alma Lundquist (Sweden), Physician, and Mr. Karol Pindor (Poland), Counselor of the Legation, have recently completed their tour. They had been commissioned by the League of Nations to make a tour of the Orient and Far East and study and report on conditions in so far as they related to the traffic in women and children. They were enabled to do so by the grant of \$125,000, placed at their disposal by and due to the generosity of the Bureau of Social Hygiene of New York.

This Commission has done an excellent piece of work, and their findings as contained in this imposing work, though presenting little that is not already known, should



command world-wide attention. As can be readily understood, this report interested me greatly, appearing, as it did, at a time when the result of my own investigations had already been sent to the printers.

With this report in hand, it was to me a source of pleasure indeed to discover that there was very little difference in our findings. Basically, conditions have not changed a whit since I lived in Oriental countries. In some sporadic cases, there may have been enacted some changes in the existing laws, due undoubtedly to pressure brought about by Foreign Governments, aware that the presence of many women of their nationality in houses of prostitution would reflect adversely on their national prestige. Yet, there are now just as many, if not more souteneurs and traffickers exploiting women and children, whether of the white or Asiatic race, as heretofore. It seems that since the time of my own investigations, the extent of the traffic in singing girls, Mutsai, sold, pawned, or voluntary prostitutes, has not abated one iota.

A perusal of the League of Nations voluminous report shows how stupendous is the mass of information contained therein. It would seem almost inconceivable that this traveling commission, of which one member was a woman, could have penetrated the vicious purlieus of civilization, amidst all their obscenity, filth, depravity and human

wretchedness. It is possible that much information must have come to the investigators by way of official channels, which may have been only too anxious to color the perspective and embellish the tale, I suppose, to hide the deficiencies of their faulty systems.

Yet, absit invidia, for the report is a splendid informative document intended, like *Cities of Sin*, to establish certain salient facts, however sordid and poignant, of the International traffic in women and children and to engage and enlighten public opinion.

In its general observations, the commission had laid stress upon the preponderance of Russian refugees. In its zeal it may have underestimated the number of American women existent in Shanghai and other Treaty ports. Neither is its definition and classification of the Mutsai entirely without blemish. Notwithstanding the enactment of laws concerning the emancipation of slaves and the sale of children, and the well-intentioned activities on the part of Chinese society to eradicate these social evils, I can see very little difference in the various classes and status of these Mutsai, or slave girls. The majority of these unfortunates, with very little exception, do enter the profession.

In the Japanese section of the Commission's report, we learn that there are only 50,000 licensed prostitutes in Japan proper. Yet on page 106 of the report, the Commission states that "purchase of or adoption of young girls for purpose of

training in houses has been prohibited." While in another section of this Japanese Vice analysis, we read: "Formosans of the Chinese race found means of evading prohibition." It would be interesting to know how many nationals of the Japanese race have found methods and means to evade the laws of a country that harbors 11,154 brothels in 541 different quarters of the country and where thousands of girls are recruited year in year out, in poverty-stricken districts, to assist their parents. For page 77 of the report states so clearly: "In Japan, as everywhere in the world, conditions of poverty and ignorance provide the field, in which the trafficker finds his harvest and the majority of prostitutes in Japan are drawn from families of poor and ignorant agricultural workers." Unscrupulous traffickers, whether plying their nefarious trade in Buenos Aires or Yokohama, and primarily interested in the making of money, are not swayed by humanitarian motives in the exercise of their foul profession.

On page 102, in the same Japanese section, bearing on the recruitment of prostitutes, we read: "Brothel keepers, geisha house keepers cannot maintain brothels without some system of recruiting the inmates. The recruitment of women and girls for these houses is done for them through Employment agencies and go between (in Western countries we call them procurers or souteneurs) and all this is permitted in Japan. I now can lay the report aside as I believe that I have

covered these portions that offered a slight deviation from the facts contained in *Cities of Sin*.

To those not already acquainted with the vicissitudes of the huge white slave Octopus, that extends its slimy tentacles around the globe, *Cities of Sin* may prove sensational reading. If the only reward that I would reap would be the enlightenment of the masses, I shall indeed feel well compensated for my work.

HENDRIK DE LEEUW.



# CITIES OF SIN



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## DREAM OF LOST WOMEN

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*It is the opium house of Toep Sing. The glow of the petroleum pit sprays a saffron light upon the ivory scalp and the glazed Mongolian eyes of the man in the bunk below. Shapes and shadows march and dance sedately upon the wall, on the ceiling, and bow between the red candles burning mysteriously before the Joss image on the house altar.*

*I drink the spiced wine, heavy with laudanum, and wait upon the drug. The monsoon cries upon the roof, pours down its rattling rain, unleashes the demons summoned by the typhoon from the China Sea.*

*The wine cup is drained, empty of the stuff that dreams are made of. Occult and malign, the misty wonders of that other world begin to rise between me and the gleam of the burning oil. Cherry red in the gloom the coals of the opium pipes shine, pulsing into a ruby gleam, fading as the stem goes from the languid mouth.*

*A woman lies in a near-by bunk. She is naked as Eve, flung on her back upon a gay brocade covering. She is long*



*and lovely, cool and white. And a man, a tawny Lascar, squats by her, smoking, and floats with her upon the wings of the pipe.*

*I swing into an enormous space, a space of dreams. Sleek and smiling, the servant passes, pauses, and goes on, bowing. The voices of the women and men below in the fan-tan rooms, at the dice tables, rise shrill and loud.*

*I seem to hear an unearthly melody, sounding only for me. I feel utterly alone. All things are subdued, all sounds and fragrances, all moving things. I am lifted into a higher sphere. Time changes into contemplation. I pass through painless and unaccountable experiences. I am lost in a new atmosphere, rare and unexplored, an existence of gleaming light passing over and hiding the earth and its misery. A longing for a lost happiness overpowers the serene state of joy. Unrest and fear intrude and rapid changes follow in ebb and flood. A ghostly substance seems to enshroud me.*

*On a small table where the smoke eddies I behold a plant set in a bowl of green porcelain. Its tapering wide leaves yearn into space. It is part of the magic of the dream. It is huge. The leaves grow, points pierce my body—a new Sebastian pierced by arrows.*

*Clouds of spiral shapes blend and leap apart and the visions of all I had seen in the cities of sin stream into being again before a flaming background.*

*By the house of Quong Yik, master of the export of women, an old hag sits, sewing with feeble, broken hands upon a shirt that is to grace a coolie's back. Disease has consumed her flesh, flesh that once commanded, among the Hoa-Thing, the flower boats of Hongkong, the highest price among the sampan girls.*

*Amidst the gay music of the Shanghai house of pleasure, moving in and out among the carved tables, passes the long procession of child women. Silks and satins rustle; jewels gleam; there is laughter, and smiles play upon faces stiff with enamel and white powder; and their eyes, already as old as their most ancient profession, mock in their coldness the whispered invitation. . . .*

*In the Nightless Palaces of Yokohama, there they sit, a score of unsmiling girls. Side by side in rich kimonos, ivory combs in their coiffures, the wax dolls solemnly sit and wait for the moment when lust will be stirred in the eyes that scrutinize them. . . .*

*By the Omon Gate of Tokyo: the girls of pleasure rise on the day made sacred by the advent of the cherry blossoms and watch the procession of the most beautiful among them. Arrayed most lavishly, accompanied by their little servants, they parade solemnly, step by step, through the blooming gardens. With faces white as the snows on Fujiyama, gay bows of ribbon at their foreheads to mark*

*their station in life, they pass among the crowds of revelers. . . .*

*The dream is confused and broken. The unearthly melody becomes a strange loud discordance, the cries and wailing of women rise over the sound of flutes, and, suddenly, the cities fade, the cities of Tokyo and Yokohama, of Shanghai and Hongkong, of Port Said and Singapore and Macao. The texture of the dream roughens; the shifting designs are new and fearful, until, at last, the faces gleam clearly in the mist, the features of thousands and thousands of girls and women, streaming in nakedness over the face of the earth, tossing their arms in despair, laughing in wild abandon, walking languidly in the grip of opium. White and brown and yellow and black, they engulf the landscape, drifting in a pandemonium of joy and grief and anger into that yawning cavern, over whose black, insatiable mouth, in all the languages and characters of Asia, is written the one word: Lust.*

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## YOKOHAMA

### The Juju of "Willow-tree" Lane

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**A**T the command of her parents, a virtuous Japanese girl will submit, for a term of years, to a life of prostitution. The circumstances that force children into such an existence are irresistible because of the undue power that has been placed in the parent by the exaggerated form in Japan of the principle of filial obedience. This is the chief moral support of the Yoshiwara system in that country and the recruits to the houses of prostitution maintained under that system are gained, for the most part, through necessity or the avarice of ignorant and unprincipled parents of the lower classes, who, taking advantage of the laws of the country, profit by their daughters' dishonor.

From infancy, these girls are educated in obedience and they are forced to curb their own desire, as they mature, in order to respond to the call that may be made upon them. So it happens that, whether the girl is forced by her parents, or wishes herself to become a girl of pleasure, it

is never difficult to find a proprietor of a Kashizashiki, or brothel, willing to advance a certain sum of money to the parents in exchange for the body of their child.

This transaction occurs, generally, in childhood. The girl then becomes an inmate of a house for a number of years. Her parents receive about three hundred yen, roughly equivalent to one hundred and thirty dollars, which is considered, in normal times, a fair market price for a child whose bodily development gives some indication that she will be attractive to men and, therefore, assure the brothel-keeper of a satisfactory return for his investment.

In the event that the girl, after her first experiences as a prostitute, should decide that she cannot continue her work, she may gain her freedom by returning the original payment, with accrued interest, to the brothel-keeper. When the time named in her contract expires and she has refunded the sum invested in her, through her transactions in the house, she is at liberty to go or may sign another contract. Of course, it is not often that the girl has been able to earn the entire amount. The result is that many of the inmates of the Yoshiwara never leave the houses until they are carried out.

Most of the inmates of the Yoshiwara originate in the poorer districts of Northern Japan, where the farmers and fishermen suffer extreme poverty. Recent events in the economic life of the great industrial cities of the country

have, of course, forced the daughters of urban families into prostitution, but the recruiting generally is conducted in the rural areas.

After great calamities, such as earthquakes, floods and famine, the agents for the large brothels, owned by syndicates and well-known Japanese capitalists, find the opportunity to purchase human bodies at extremely low rates. Under these circumstances, hundreds of little girls, many only six years old, or even younger, are sold by their parents. These children serve an apprenticeship with an Oiran or prostitute. Later, when they have matured, they enter the profession themselves, with a complete knowledge of its requirements, especially in that special knowledge which deals with the methods of providing pleasure to the frequenters of such resorts, which in Japan might be said to include the entire male population.

The girl of pleasure is commonly known as a Juju or *oiran*. The contract that she signs contains her agreement to become a prostitute and to pay back her purchase price to the proprietor. She agrees not to rest from her labors in the brothel unless she has a reason satisfactory to her master. She agrees also to submit, one day a week, to a medical inspection, and binds herself to pay to the brothel-keeper, in addition to the repayment of the loan, thirty-five per cent of the receipts from her activities. To this payment is added a sum to cover her maintenance charges.

The police departments of all the cities of Japan have successfully kept a finger in this pie for centuries. They receive ten per cent of the receipts of the brothel, in addition to a tax levied on each visitor to the Yoshiwara district. They also collect from the girl seven per cent of her receipts.

The Juju sees little of her earnings, in fact. No matter how devoted she may be to the fulfillment of the engagement made out of her love for her parents, the system defeats her at every turn. Fifty per cent of her income, as she receives it from the men who visit her, is handed over to the brothel-keeper. He also takes fifteen per cent to reduce the principle of the loan. It is no wonder, then, that by the time the prostitute has made an appreciable inroad upon the burden of her debt she has become inured to her way of life, accepts its hopelessness, and performs her functions in Japanese society with no expectation of any other fortune than the release which comes with death. None of the great Japanese philosophers or thinkers has as yet published observations on the mental life and psychological peculiarities of the great mass of prostitutes, numbering hundreds of thousands, who live their secret lives under the bland exterior that the country reveals to the Western world, though such a compilation would have immense interest and sociological value.

Numerous definitions have been given for the name

Yoshiwara. Certain authorities assert its meaning to be: Plain of the Reeds, based upon "yoshi," meaning cane, and "hara," meaning swamp. This is now generally accepted, mainly because the term had gained a foothold in the year 1659 when that district, the Yoshiwara, was the favorite quarter of the courtesans of Yokohama. To-day, of course, the word is generic and pertains to the segregated prostitution districts in all of the cities of Japan.

The Japanese would not regard the extinction of the Yoshiwara and the removal of its inhabitants with a kindly eye. The defenders of this system maintain that since men have physical desire for women, prostitution must exist as a necessary evil that cannot be considered a crime. They believe that, in the event of the abolition of the Yoshiwara and regulated prostitution, there would arise the clandestine, uncontrolled brothel with its attendant evils of crime and disease which, they point out, is found in Paris, London, Hamburg, Amsterdam, New York, and other cities of the West. They advance other sociological reasons for their tolerance and police and government control of prostitution.

If the Japanese can be accused of being unmoral and cynically realistic in their official attitude toward sex, the West may be said to be outwardly sentimental and hypocritical. Certainly to the Occidental mind, and especially to the Christian, the Yoshiwara is sinful. The Japanese think otherwise since morality and chastity are, to them, some-



thing more than the abandonment of all sexual activity. They are aware that a "chaste" woman, as she is described in the Western countries, may be the epitome of all the established virtues and yet be a highly immoral being. In their ten commandments, for instance, there are behests for filial love, modesty, respect for the elders, courage and loyalty. But one would look in vain for a commandment that defines sexual morality. Thus, it appears, to the Japanese mind that sexual irregularities are not of such importance that there is need for a moral law on the subject.

There can be no question of the security which the Yoshiwara enjoys in the Japanese mind, and the proof of it lies in the fact that, in 1923, when the Yoshiwaras in Yokohama and other large cities were destroyed by the earthquake, no parts of those cities were more quickly rehabilitated than were the districts given over to the Juju girls' houses.

That tragedy, too, proved in another way the Japanese devotion to their prostitutes. Thousands of them, who escaped from the Yoshiwara at the time of the conflagration in Yokohama, took refuge from the crashing walls of their houses in a pond. So fierce was the heat of the fire that swept around the pond that it became a cauldron and it was soon filled with hundreds of charred bodies. Japan did not forget its slaves. A monument of granite, surrounded by trees and flowers, commemorates the gruesome incident.

It is interesting, too, to note that the loss of so many living

investments did not cause the general bankruptcy of brothel-keepers. Fortunately for them, the destruction by the earthquakes and accompanying calamities was so great in other parts of the country that the price of young girls decreased rapidly, and the brothel-keepers, with the assistance of the capitalists who share the profits, were able to replenish the supply of prostitutes as quickly as the new Yoshiwaras were prepared to receive them.

The solidity of this business, which is carefully protected not only by custom and tradition but by rigidly enforced laws, rests also upon the very philosophical basis that upholds the Japanese home itself. In other words: upon the meekness of the women. Woman, in Japan, has been made to accept the doctrine of perpetual obedience. She is a slave to her husband. For ages these doctrines have been laid down in the teachings of Sage Kaibara and are classified, roughly, as obedience, chastity, mercy, self-sacrifice and abnegation.

Though their social customs are rapidly changing it is still fair to say that Japanese morality is founded upon the mental, moral and social separation and alienation of the sexes, and the position that Japanese women occupy is primarily due to the teachings of Buddha and Confucius from which the principle of the separation of the sexes springs. In the dogma of these teachers the sex-antagonized ecclesiastical mind has surpassed itself in associating women

with the tempting of man, and it regards her as an unclean thing, an obstacle to peace and happiness.

It was the custom in earlier days in Japan to make the girl child, immediately after birth, lie on the floor for three days. The purpose of this ritual was to emphasize that man was akin to Heaven and woman was of the earth. Even to-day the duality of the sexes in Japan is impressed upon the children early in their lives. After the child attains its sixth or seventh birthday, the sexes are usually separated and the girl is inculcated with the idea that she has been created to serve the will of man.

The intellectual life of the man is conducted apart from his wife and home and the best substitute that the man can find for a wife's companionship are the geisha girls at the tea houses, who, at one time, were the most cultured women in Japan.

Sex, therefore, has been rigidly kept within the realm of appetite and it is difficult indeed to find in the Japanese dictionary a correct definition for love. The only one that comes readily to hand is for filial love. The act of the kiss, for instance, is considered immodest. Until the Japanese learn to respect outward indications of affection and of sentiments, such as romantic tenderness, there is little question that their rigid sex antagonism will remain unaltered. With the Japanese, sex-hunger and the need for food and drink are analogous.

These are the reasons why the traveler in Japan sees little affection, playfulness or frivolity among the adults in the Japanese home. I well remember the shock that my own Western sensibilities received when, many years ago, I paid my first visit to the home of a Japanese friend. I went there with him one evening after business. He had been married only a short time and one would expect, especially under those circumstances, that he would naturally show that he was glad to see his wife and to be at home again after an arduous day at his office. She, a charming woman, greeted him with a smile of welcome, and then brought him his girdle and fire-box, again with a pleasing smile. His response was a grunt.

It was early in the evening when my host and I, bored with the antics of the story-teller, the Shinuchi, in the theater, decided to visit the Yoshiwara. On my previous visits to Japan I had become acquainted with the Yoshiwara of that particular city. As we rode through some of the poorer sections I saw buildings and streets that recalled to me the scenes of the great fires of 1923. Soon there rose before me the Nightless Palaces. These balconied buildings were three stories high and at their many windows of paper panes the electric lights shimmered.

Before one of these buildings we alighted. Seated on either side of the dark, broad stoop were two men, the proprietors.

We passed them and entered, and there I again saw, ranged in their customary places, the inmates, called by Japan's famous writer, Murasaki, "Lotus in the mud." There were twenty-five of them behind the bars of the cages that flanked the hall. They were dressed in rich kimonos with elaborately worked and beautiful obi (sashes) and wore handsome ivory combs in their gleaming hair, and from them rose the fragrance of white oil of camilla. Not a smile graced their passive, painted faces. They were like waxen puppets. They were beautiful and were to be admired and flattered and purchased. They were all young. There did not seem to be, in all that glowing group, a girl that could be called a woman. Yet all of them, out of love for their parents and in obedience to the laws of the land, had been removed from the environment in which their little happinesses lay, sold to the highest bidder, and at last had come here under the soft lights of the Yoshiwara. Every one of them, it was true, had earlier or later experienced the horror of the first purchase and the approach of her purchaser. It was an experience that, in the natural course of events, they would not yet have undergone in marriage for many years, but so completely were their bodies and minds bent and molded by the statutes of the land that it was hard to discern rebellion or doubt in their faces. Only I imagined that I saw something in their eyes when they regarded me that is not easy to relate.

I scrutinized their attire. I did so with what grace I could muster, bowing and scraping a bit and saying a word now and then. They looked at me, some demurely, some stonily, and others professionally. Strange glances from girls. I saw that their headdresses were of a simple formation, compared to the elaborate structures of the geisha girls. I dare say this was due to the fact that the geisha headdress would have been found too complicated and bothersome for their professional activities.

In front of each girl there was a red lacquered cabinet, containing her smoking implements and the paraphernalia for her make-up. Now and then one would cast an especially brilliant glance at me, for I wandered alone in the room, and if my response had sufficient of gallantry in it, she would giggle, light a cigarette and, hardly placing it to her pretty mouth, put it down again, as if she were ashamed of the act of smoking. First one, then another would bend over to her make-up box and commence to primp.

After I had watched this spectacle, I was rejoined by my companion, and, at his suggestion, we went at once to the place where he could present me to his geisha girl. Our ricksha sped through well-lighted quarters until we entered a district where the noises seemed discreetly muffled and no sound came except the resonant, depressing notes of a samisen and of a banjo playing in the shadows of the trees.

I followed him into a little house, hidden behind the trunks of great trees and shining with pretty lanterns behind the paper panels. The ground floor of the house was softly illuminated and from it quaint music poured tinkling notes.

The door opened before us and we walked into what seemed to be an ordinary dance hall, crowded with chattering people, women for the most part. Three young girls were giving a singsong performance to an ear-splitting accompaniment of a number of samisen and an antique piano.

One of the girls rushed toward my companion, and, in decided contrast to the usual behavior among lovers, merely kow-towed to him—and he to her.

The girl's movements were delightful. I was presented to her and she permitted a faint smile to pass over her pretty face. Her skin was delicate and she wore her beautiful black hair made up in a tasteful, high coiffure. She was supple and gracefully formed.

She whispered to him softly with her small, red mouth as she drew my host toward a corner of the room. There she sank back on a pillow, balancing herself, as she did so, almost on her finger tips. It was a curious esthetic movement delightful to see.

I watched the groups of heavily powdered and painted geisha girls who were clustered at little tables, smoking

cigarettes from long ivory pipes and pretending to drink from tiny cups large quantities of sake, the intoxicating wine of Japan.

I sat down at a table, where my companion and his lady joined me. A few girls gathered around us and chattered in their shrill voices like birds while they poured out hot sake for us. The stiff decorum they are supposed to maintain melted away.

My companion seemed to be slowly succumbing to the influence of the wine and to those other influences that surrounded him, which had, no doubt, taught him as much of the history of passion as is permitted to the Japanese gentleman. Yet, no matter how expansive he felt, he was not exuberant. He did not violate the proprieties. With the Japanese, there must be a time and a place for each emotion, especially that emotion which the ladies of the evening were meant to nourish and to develop. So, after offering profuse apologies for leaving me, he and his geisha retired to a room on the next floor of the house.

I was now by myself among the flock of chatterers, and they looked at me quite bravely and talked like school-girls with giggles. I had nothing much to say—and few words to say it in, in any event—so I behaved as brightly as I could, and even tried a giggle myself to please them. Apparently I was a success. Three of the geishas arose and paid me the honor of a song, accompanied by a samisen.



The music was tender and melancholy. It wearied me quickly, so heavy was its touch upon the spirit; and as I looked at the three beautiful, childish singers and listened, with my own eyes drooping, to the sad cadences of their melody, I wondered: Have they taken this time, when they are not watched over by their gods, to give me a taste of what lies in their hearts? No, I said, it could not be. It was, no doubt, some old song of passion, an invitation to love.

I drank wine. They sang. And upstairs, mine host remained hidden. . . .

The education of the geisha girls is of long duration, the result of many years of accumulation of customs and traditions. They are instructed in all subjects that will nurture their spiritual, physical and moral well-being. One of them, in whom such a lively spirit gleamed that I could not well remove my own gaze from her, had been sold when still a tiny mite to a woman who had been also a geisha in her youth and who now paid to the child's parents a neat sum in order that she might acquire the ownership of her charms. The child, as is the custom, was entered into service then as a Maiko, or apprentice.

From her twelfth year until she is eighteen, the geisha is educated in a house peopled only by geishas. She spends all her youth under a strict discipline. She is instructed in matters of etiquette, taught all the motions of their ancient

dances and is initiated into the rituals of the tea ceremony and the arranging of flowers. Later, when her voice has become somewhat coarse and also more flexible, thus enabling her to sing the traditional songs, she makes her public appearance, for a price, in the theater or tea house.

At the age of sixteen, she is initiated into the profession of the geisha. This profession is simply to be charming. She does not, except in those rare cases where other factors influence her, become a prostitute. Her chastity is unimpaired and there is no overwhelming temptation for her to make any use of her person except in the delightful conventions of movement, song, and behavior which the geisha school has taught her. Of course, not all of them are so dainty in temperament; many surpass their Western sisters in the coldness of their hearts and the cunning in which they seek their own ends; and there is a quality in many of them which compels them to break away from the ease and glitter of their geisha quarters and take up the life of the Juju.

On the occasion of my last visit to the Yoshiwara, my companion, seeing that the series of events there had not left me in a comfortable mood, took me to the house of a geisha in order that I might repeat the delightful experience which I remembered from my first visit to Japan long before.

A charming hostess greeted us at the door. She was attired in a charming Japanese costume, and she moved un-

impeded by the rich cloth of her kimono. She led us into the reception room. There I saw many geisha girls in gay kimonos, their hair dressed formally and elaborately. They crouched in little groups, chattering as usual. They fell silent momentarily when we were presented, smiled graciously and resumed their tinkling small talk. It seemed to me that this chattering and the giggling was, in this house at least, not genuine loquacity or a woman's pleasure in retailing the gossip of that lively household, but, strange to say, merely a polite convention. As if to talk gayly of nothing at all was one of the lessons they had learned well at school.

The tea ceremony began. It was beautiful, indeed; and a solemn thing, in a way, conforming in all its many details of movement to a ritual conceived ages ago and by the weight of those far times still taught as an important part of education.

The movements of the leader were captivating. She was seated on a lacquered stool. Before her was a table, richly decorated. On it was a bronze stove and this was topped by a water vessel of brass, from which a vapor rose as the fire heated it. As she sat solemnly at her post, two of her assistants, leaving her side with identical inclinations of the head and graceful liftings of the hands, burned incense. Another arranged the flowers in a beautiful vase of porcelain. Each touch of her fingers was a motion produced by long practice.

It was poetry of the hands. I watched eagerly as the flowers slowly assumed the precise position required by custom, one yearning toward the ceiling of the room as if toward the sky and the sun, another turning gently downward, gazing into a pool that was not there. All this motion—of the burning incense, of the flower arranging, and the solemnity of the presiding officer, flowed into a harmony of action, sound, and color. It unfolded itself like a flower under the morning sun.

The geisha at the table rinsed the dainty tea cups with boiling water, dried them with a piece of red silk, mixed green leaves in the cup and slowly poured the hot water over them. She paused, then took a solitary quill and brushed, although my eye could not discern them, specks of ashes and tea dust from the shining table. Then there was another moment of rest. Once more she poured the precious decoction from one cup into another until, at last, one cup of true tea was prepared. This was offered to me, because I was the guest of honor, and I tasted it. I must confess that I was not able to tell exactly what subtle delicacy had been added to the drink by the ceremony, but I was quite willing to sip for a long time if sipping would cause a continuation of the pretty tableau.

I could not help saying to myself, as I sat clumsily in the midst of this precious setting: How strange that these people can create the tea ceremony and the Yoshiwara.

Also I was somehow glad when I looked about into the freshly painted faces of the geishas that there was no need for them to fashion their coiffures for the rude embraces of townsmen and foreigners.

As I stood some days later upon a certain street in Tokyo, I had in my pocket a letter that my companion of Yokohama, Kyabashi-Ki, had written to a merchant friend of the new city. This merchant, whose fortune had been made in selling parcels of land for erecting houses of prostitution, still enjoyed a large income from the traffic and was of importance in the financial and social activities of his community. I believe he was a poet or, at least, the father of a poet.

I met him and he read my letter. He then accompanied me to the Yoshiwara of Tokyo, where there are many of these establishments. One of the most popular is the Onotei. Its clientele is composed for the most part of foreigners. Among the natives the Gion enjoys the reputation of being the most satisfactory establishment, but it is not, in their opinion, far superior to the Shin-Yoshiwara which lies on the northwestern border of the city.

I was taken through brilliantly lighted streets, where thousands of people moved up and down, talking shrilly, buying and eating, passing in and out of the cinema houses. Here, as we entered an area of darkness where the lamps

were dimmed, were great numbers of restaurants and other shops, whose business, on the surface, is the sale of wines and tea and other articles. In reality they are all small brothels, inhabited by three or four girls, mere children, apparently not more than fourteen years of age. These, with high voices, called out to me as I rode past, beseeching me with uplifted arms and conventional smiles to come and purchase them for a time. Dressed in silk kimonos, they were not inferior in grace and carriage to the geisha girls.

I remember now that, as my ricksha paused before a knot of young fellows who blocked the street and who were arguing some weighty problem, I looked straight into the eyes of a pleading child who, beautifully dressed in a kimono of white, cried out repeatedly to me, thinking, no doubt, that I had ordered my man to stop. And as I regarded her, picturing in my mind the circumstances that might have brought her to such a pass, a native man walked up to her out of the crowd. She cast one last glance at me, having in mind the possibility of a better bargain in a foreigner, and then, learning from my face that I was not a possibility, she turned to the Japanese. She kow-towed. They came to a conclusion speedily and she retired with him. Another child, who had been, perhaps, waiting within, took her place and raised her voice in the singsong of importuning.

To my mind came the cry of the prostitutes of Amsterdam, where, on the Achterburgwal, and in the Pyp, the women call to the wayfarer in much the same stereotyped, weary fashion: "Kom eens hier, lekkere Schat."

I reached the Omon gate. This great structure marks the entrance to the Yoshiwara. You may enter it and leave and still be much the same as when you entered. But for the thousands and thousands of young girls, who have quietly, or with tears falling secretly in their hearts, stepped slowly and fearfully into those parts of the world, there is no return. As my ricksha came gently under the Omon shadow and the mellow music sounded, I thought of an inscription that I once saw over the gateway to an American university—Harvard, I think—which said: "Enter to grow in wisdom." And the same, too, might be written over the gate to this institution of lust, but with no word as to the uses of the wisdom or as to a time of departure.

Within the Omon gate, the traveler comes upon a pathway, bordered with flowers. And this leads to a venerable willow tree. It is called Mikaeri Yanagi, which may be translated: The Look-back Tree. For this tree, a beautiful willow, derives its musical name from an old custom when the girl of pleasure, going pensively with her lover to the gate in the bright morning after their night together, stopped when she had gone thus far and turned back. And he, as he approached the willow, turned also in order that he might

once more glance at the girl in whose arms he had lain. The Look-back Tree. How many lovers? How many passionate backward glances—glances that said: I shall return. Only a fanciful man would calculate how many love stories ended with: He looked back at me from the willow. I never saw him again.

One may enter only through the Omon gate. I passed the old willow tree and entered the Nakanoche, a street that passes between long rows of beautiful houses of pleasure. Their panels were decorated in gold and silver; banners flew in the night breezes; rose and yellow lights burned behind the panes of paper; many persons passed in and out. I heard music and soft voices.

Over all these houses towers the Hikite-Chaya, or Guide House, wherein is vested the control of this vast amatory enterprise. It is here that the visitor who partakes of the conveniences of the place comes in the morning to pay.

I went on slowly. There were numerous shops and tea houses. There was a garden, in which a group of wax figures—men and women and butterflies and flowers—held a large throng enthralled. Farther on there were many stalls, grubby affairs of wood and iron, where the hungry pleasure-seekers ate fish and hash and drank sake. There were red lanterns everywhere, throwing shadows over the hundreds of faces. It was very gay.

Thus I came to the Yoshiwara, the love mart to which I



had been directed. I entered through a pillared veranda and my eyes immediately fixed upon a large array of photographs in gilded frames. The photographs were those of the Juju girls. And each picture had a number over it or underneath. It was only necessary to examine these charming portraits and wait for the proper one to make itself known. This modern method of selection displaced the cruder practice of exhibiting the girls themselves. There were three rates of payment: one, two, and five yen.

While I was following the numerous gentlemen of Japan who were earnestly examining the portraits—finding, I hope, some notable differences between those faces, alike to me as peas in a pod—I had the pleasure of seeing a member of a different class than the Juju approach. It was a policeman of the special force assigned to the Yoshiwara. His sword dangled from his belt and his head resembled a crow's. He was an unpleasant fellow.

He talked very incisively. A few words I understood. The others were supplied to me by my companion, who stayed discreetly in the background as I wandered about and now drew near to listen to the conversation. It was evident that something was afoot. Some papers were at last produced. And while the policeman, in a most officious and offensive manner, ran his eyes up and down the sheets, a cry went up from the licensee of the brothel, with whom he was talking, and presently a Juju came forward. The policeman

looked at her and sent her away. He had come merely to check up on her records. She had registered in that house not long before—that very morning, in fact—and her papers were not quite in order.

The regulation of this traffic is, for the most part, vested in the special department of prostitution of the division of Yoshiwara Police. In fact, the first appearance of the girl, after it is determined that she shall become a prostitute, is made before a police officer. Accompanied by her parents, she meets the owner of the brothel to make application for entering the profession. It is generally agreed that many of these young girls are not completely conscious of the step they are about to take. This can be easily believed since it is a prerequisite that the girl shall not have had sexual intercourse before the sale; and since such an experience is, of course, necessary for a full understanding of the fate to which she approaches, there can be no doubt that the girl is often and easily deceived.

They are subjected to a rigid examination. Each is asked whether she enters the Yoshiwara of her own free will. It is like the question put to the Balinese criminal as he lays his head on the block: Are you prepared to die? What if he is not? What if she is not either? What irony! She nods her head and whispers her response, glancing, no doubt, shyly, a little fearfully, at the implacable, lean face of her starving father, from whom she may yet expect a cry of sal-

vation. Yes, will he not say, as the Japanese militarists are so fond of saying: If we cannot have life and justice—let us not live. But there is no word from him. Perhaps she also directs a look at her little mother. The Japanese are trained not to show emotion but that would be almost unbearable. The mother may die a thousand times as the entries are made and the brush smears over in a rush of darkness all the infant tendernesses, the pain and the sorrow of birth and illness, the mornings of childhood, and those kisses of first-child love, exchanged between them when their lord and master is away.

She folds her hands and accepts the burden that the East places upon its female children. The police official takes note of all that is said. And sets it down. Of course, if there is a whimper—an unheard-of thing!—that is not set down. The police of the Yoshiwara have magic ears—the ears of policemen the world over—they can hear what they wish to hear and are deaf to those unhappy sounds that simply mean, in the long run, money out of pocket. So the contract is drawn up, the girl is solemnly registered and becomes, in her small way, a tiny factor in the great "Hodo." This sociological transformation of a young girl, from her childhood happiness to the clutches of the first pleasure-seeker who happens into the brothel, is, if you can possibly believe the Japanese, a part of the national life that cannot

be erased; part of the Hodo, "the way of the emperor," a creed of perfection.

She is given over into the custody of the brothel-keeper. The money has been advanced to the parents. It is her money, her loan. They part. And since the entrance into the Yoshiwara means that they will not meet again unless circumstances are more propitious than usual—indeed, a miracle seems almost necessary—the family is injured. Part of the sum of love that has circulated among those three members of a single institution has been subtracted.

Of course, there is a way by which the girl can leave her quarters. It is simply necessary to get a special pass from the Yoshiwara Police. She is required to visit them once a week to undergo a medical examination and, at this time, she may apply for a pass. They are not easy to get. The medical examination, by the way, is a very interesting example of administrative stupidity. It has little hygienic meaning. The Japanese attach great significance to the fact that the Juju has been examined on Monday afternoon. There is, it is alleged, an insurance in this procedure against the transmission of social diseases. Of course, there is nothing in this examination that precludes the possibility of the Juju becoming contaminated by syphilis, let us say, on Monday night, when she returns from the examination, and transmitting it to fifty or sixty men before another examina-

tion by the police medical officer reveals the presence of the disease.

The child becomes, as a matter of fact, a prisoner, unaccustomed to excursions into the world from which she has been driven, and, no doubt, unwillingness to leave the Yoshiwara is created in her by other means. I have often thought that this is the reason why so many of the girls perished in the earthquake fires of 1923. Only recently a law has been enacted, influenced by the great wave of emancipation that has commenced to leave its imprint on Japan, permitting the Juju to leave the Yoshiwara, if and when she likes.

To continue the narrative of the events following the appearance of the police on this particular occasion: I saw that the brothel-keeper had in his hand a large book which he gave to the policeman. In this book there is a record of all transactions that take place: the time and place of sale, description of the goods, and the price paid by the consumer. The Juju must keep a similar record in which she writes the facts of all her transactions. No remarks by her are required. To this record she must affix her signature which, in most cases, is a seal. These private seals are the equivalent of a signature in the Western world and, in an effort, whose sincerity is questionable, to prevent any irregular transactions on the part of the brothel-keeper, the police regularly inspect the Juju's accounts and her seal. There are,

of course, countless schemes invented by the keeper of the brothels to circumvent the system and forge records. In this manner, taxes are evaded and the profits of the keeper are increased.

The girl is installed in an apartment, a pretty room with charming furniture, and is assigned a maidservant. She is prepared for her career as a prostitute in the usual way; she is given new costumes and is taught how to wear them and how to make herself beautiful with paint and powder in the traditional manner. Set thus in her new surroundings, she awaits the inevitable moment. She is now sixteen years old. That is a point of the law, and one that is not difficult to evade. Whatever her age, here she is: officially sixteen, virgin, a doll for charm. Presently the system begins its work.

The pleasure-seeker arrives at the Yoshiwara. By one method or another, he is assigned to her, or she to him. They meet. I suppose they bow. She, it is granted, has nothing in her heart to make her merry. His emotion, too, can hardly be called a happy one. I cannot say how much he knows of her as he looks upon her childish face—and, I dare say, grunts. Perhaps, if he is an habitu  , he may know that she is a newcomer. Perhaps, some servant may have informed him—for a price—that there is an especially attractive child in such and such a room, waiting for her initiation. They face each other. The melancholy samisen sounds

in the gardens. The maid has withdrawn. The lamp rosily lights the paper windowpane, the flowers, and the staring eyes of the child. At his gesture, remembering her instructions, she disrobes and exposes herself to him. He then takes her and she understands, for the first time, the complete significance of the multitude of transactions that have preceded this moment. No philosophical justification has been made to her; the men explain these things to themselves and to Europeans. She only knows that she is doing her duty.

It would be very stupid and very un-Japanese to meditate upon that other aspect of this prostitution, the sentimental, or romantic aspect. May it not happen, thousands of times every year, that the girl has already exchanged glances with a man of her own town? That she may love him? There is a story, with some sweetness to it, of such a tragedy. The girl, Ye-San, and the boy—his name is forgotten. Somehow they made their love known to each other.

Privation came upon her parents. They were workers in an immense mill, a cotton factory. And upon privation followed that grimmer specter: starvation. So, her body being the only thing in that household which had not been sold to keep life in the family—they sold that. One version of the story says that Ye-San was even happy and found joy in the fact that she, of herself, was able to restore, until times grew better, the health of her beloved parents. The

young man, soon made aware of the fate that had been in store for him and his love, found no way out of the trap. He, too, knew what submission was.

On the afternoon of the day that she was to be taken to the Yoshiwara Police, he appeared before the girl's house and watched. When she came, walking meekly between her parents, he bowed and followed at a distance.

At nightfall the transaction was completed. Already the loan had been made and she was ready in her room, waiting for the arrival of the first man. Her servant came and announced the Yujo-dai, the visitor. Yes, it was he. They bowed low to each other. The servant withdrew, and in the morning, when she returned again, she found them there, side by side, a little pale and cold in the sunlight, both dead. By his outstretched hand was the purple vial of poison, the instrument by which they cheated the cheat.

This act, when committed by the Juju alone, is joshi, or suicide. It is frequent in the Yoshiwara. Is it not to be expected, in a land where a brilliant art, expressing itself in painting, sculpture and in notable poetry, reveals the true soul of a people—a lovely soul—that there should be in those unfortunate girls a strong desire to free themselves from this horror? It cannot be denied. They die by hundreds. In olden times, when a Japanese was found wearing a sword and not an automatic pistol in his pocket, it was the custom of the noble Samurai, when visiting the Yoshiwara,



to leave his weapons outside the door of the girl's apartment. They feared the swords would be seized by the girls and used to commit hara-kiri.

Judge for yourself what was the fate of the Juju who was found vanquished by death in the brothel. It is obvious that this enlightened people of the East could not permit the spirit of this rebellious girl to frequent the scene of her death. So, not content with the binding and delivery of the young body in life, the law required that the corpse of the Juju should have its hands and feet tied and the body sewn into a straw mat. It was then taken by a member of the despised caste of the Eta and thrown, like the body of a dog, into a communal grave. This effectually would hamper the grieving spirit of the child and it could not then return to annoy the parents, the police, or the brutish lovers who pointed the way to death.

There is another story, a Japanese version of Romeo and Juliet. There was a young sailor, a fisherman, whose livelihood lay in the seas off the Russian coast. He and his companions made long, arduous voyages to the cold depths of that far-away country, sailing many days and nights in their small vessels. Their return to their fishing villages was always an occasion for rejoicing, for times were bad and the little money that they earned was all that stood between them and starvation.

The young fisherman strove hard to earn enough to set up

a household of his own with To-San, whom he loved, who loved him. Being bold, he was wrecked in a storm and all his companions lost. He swam all night and part of the next day until he was thrown, at the moment life was leaving him, upon an island. There he lay for many days until a Russian fisherman came by and rescued him. Long days passed before he returned again to his village, and there he found that To-San, whom he loved so dearly, had gone away. It was true that she was so beautiful that the tale of it had gone up and down the coast. So she was sold at the time the procurers came from the city, and she brought a good sum, enough to keep food in many mouths.

The fisherman took from his garden the small treasure that he had stored and consulted with an ancient man. This ancient man understood from the art of brewing herbs that the blood of an eel, properly prepared, will put heat into the heart of the oldest man, and that the juice of a certain plant, hard to find, will cause a sleep like death to come upon a person for so many days, from which he may be awakened in a certain way.

So the lover went to the city and there, by judicious use of his little money, discovered where his beloved was hidden. He went to her and in the morning she was found dead. Upon his return he sought her again and was sadly informed by the police that she had ungratefully departed from the world. He inquired, wildly, concerning the fate

of her lovely body, and they bade him seek out the despised caste, the Eta. This he did and by his strange professions of love (and using a little more of that store of money) he gained possession of the body of his beloved. Then, mourning, he set forth with her and in time came to a certain hamlet where the old man awaited him in a secret place.

The lover laid the girl's body on the floor of this secret place and left the house. In an hour he was recalled and the old man placed his hand in that of the girl, from whom the mask of death had been lifted by magic of herbs. So they went away to the island from which the Russians had taken him and there lived happily forever after.

One day I went to the cemetery where the Juju girls are buried. Here, if they die natural deaths, they are taken with some honor and given a funeral, attended only by their little servants. I saw many graves, untended and unwatched. Row after row told its fearful tale. And over them towered great trees, centuries old, whose shadows darkened the burial ground and made it solemn and, to me, sinister.

The cold of the night presses upon the Yoshiwara house. There is a stern wind, blowing harsh amidst the trees. The little lanterns tremble, their lights fade, then climb again into brightness. Within it is cozy. The servants of the women have made a good fire in a hibachi, where the coals stand red and rosy. I move nearer to it and, thinking to break

the grip of a natural timidity, hold up my foot, from which a maid has removed the boot, and pretend to warm it.

I looked around, smiling at the giggling chorus I heard in the corridor. Bright eyes were watching me. Two little girls came running in with cushions in their hands to make me comfortable on the straw mat. The flutterings of their hands, their obeisances, and the flow of heat from the coals meet and stir up the Yoshiwara reek, the odors of scents and powders and the bodies of women.

I saw something stirring behind a partition. It would presently slide open, and women will enter. Among them there will be one whose fate has led her so far to the side of a foreigner, a man. Shall she be purchased?

Partitions opened and six came in. They laugh politely. The eyes of two were neatly cast down. Their robes are bright-colored, embroidered with silver and gold threads. Their faces seem to be made of porcelain, smiling masks of porcelain. And they have bright eyes which tell nothing.

One of them spoke in halting English. "How are you, sir?" she asked, glancing backward at her companions. I responded with a salutation in her language, and they laugh politely. It was like a children's party before the restraint has worn off.

Toward one, almost a child, I stretched out my hand and touched her hair, piled in shining curves. A natural fragrance rises from it that has something of her in it; some-

thing of a virginity not long since gone. She bows her head below the level of my eyes as I soberly regard its beauties. There are paper flowers of delicate design and pale colors thrust into the folds. Gleaming between them, catching part of the pastel shades of the flowers, are silver ornaments. Gods and maidens, I suppose. I cannot say. Ah! there is a swan, a swan of silver. Was Leda also here in Nippon?

Unmoving, I smoothed her pretty head.

"Very pretty!" I said with a bright smile.

They giggled like schoolgirls.

A misunderstanding of that word "giggle" would be unfortunate. It is hard to imagine, I suppose, that a giggle could be conventional, sober, and artificial. Yet it can be. It was like the laugh, the embrace, the ecstasy of the prostitute the world over. False as hell.

"Ah, give me a baby," these women cry all over the world. They don't mean it, my boy.

"Very pretty!" I repeat. And she withdraws.

The time is fast approaching. It is, after all, a matter of money, an economic situation. I have; they have not. That is all. Of course, it is possible that they may have more than I. But for the moment, that is the formula. I must give; they must take. Else what? They will lose caste in the house of sin; the Japanese bankers and financiers and real estate speculators who batten here will perhaps shake their heads

—that is, if this business of not spending should spread to others.

Indeed, I must buy. Only—which one?

They are all charming. One has the charm of youth; that one has not only youth but beauty; and this one, standing almost aloof, has the beauty of more years. Yes, she knows. What could she not reveal—and will she not? She is aged, old in the way of the very ancient profession. Yes, she may be twenty. Hardly twenty-one. You could love her. She has wisdom. Her mouth is like a petal. Gold and silver burn upon her shoulder; her little breasts lie in a net of sweet-smelling cloth; her eyes look out; her mind looks in. She is a woman to meet Samurai. Shall I choose her?

They squeak at me. It is an English squeak, or rather a squeak in English. They try to say “how d’ye do?” and I silence them with a bass repetition of that salutation which I learned so long ago.

I made a gesture. That also I learned when I was here before. It is to say: On with the business. Let us pretend no longer. I have cash in my pocket, my dear ladies of the Yoshiwara. What have you?

They had an answer. Ask any woman in any clime, even underneath the Mountains of the Moon, and they will, if they can, answer with a dance. A dance is a net. If the goodly priests and the savants and the ladies with moral cure-alls could abolish the dance—then, all would be well.

The red lights might be doused in every quarter of the world and the sailormen could go hungry back to their ships in Tampico, in London, in Dublin, and all the ports of all the world.

They prepared to dance. I know the preliminary movements, the glances, the polite laughs, the preparations. It is to be a famous dance of Japan: the Chonkina. I warn you: Do not look on. It is sometimes too much for Western flesh and blood. Old, cold bones and tired bodies may regard it soberly, may compare it with the dance of this nation and the whirl of that. But if you are young it is as well to look the other way.

Ting! Tang! Tong! The samisen sounds, one, two, three mournful notes.

The coals glare redder. I lay back on my cushions. The shadows slipped faster and faster as the girls arranged themselves. They were tiny marionettes, ivory dwarfs attired in extravagant design and fantastic colors. In themselves—mere nothingness, drowned in the waves of their robes which are padded at their little feet, trains of brilliance billowing behind them.

They fall into a pattern of burning tropic flowers, and move with mincing steps. They made a precious, moving decoration, daring although it is old as the very hills, whimsical although it is not younger than the Emperor's lineage, and it is all of it beautiful.

I lay in a daze. The music of the samisen came down on me like the wail of a mountain people, beset by a foe from the sea.

Out of each new movement springs a color to vanquish the heart; out of each sash, each kimono, and from the fans, the head ornaments, the vanishing feet. Out of all that ravishing medley of color, jewel, thread, eye, cheek, porcelain—out of them, by purpose and by age-old plan, there came a confusion of the senses.

The dance was a medley, and yet not a medley; for it is grotesque and fascinating and enough to agitate the heart and yet quiet it. I know that all is well, even as I quake in the confusion. Each movement of the concealed hips assured me; each sideways turning of the brilliant eyes. Their eyes were bright and dark, presiding over the whirling glory of vermilion, gold and orange.

One of the dancers came forward out of the whirling dance and the music of the samisen. The eye cannot look at her. Her robe burned with vermilion. Her sash was of golden cloth and her long hanging sleeves were lined with orange. The eye devours the orange; the orange blaze and fire passes into the heart with an ecstasy of motion, a farewell to all other colors. The heart cries out: Who can look on any other color after this glow that might be wrung out of a volcano's heart?

You must bear well in mind that all this does not lie



wholly in the dance. Part of it may flow from the cup of sake, always at your elbow, and always full. I found it flowing full as the pitcher of Baucis and Philemon. Drink and empty and advance cupbearer—a doll in black satin. The samisen beats louder as the glass is taken up and put down.

A blue light flashed from her hair. A new gleam burned on the gummed loops and bands as she turned and returned, and all the golden, lacquered, coral-tipped pins caught a needlepoint of flame. Each nod, each putting forth of the foot and its withdrawal, and the gestures of her rice-powdered arms—all these were done in ecstasy, a joyous appeal to the stranger, an appeal fervid with admiration—although of what it would be hard to say.

Now their falsetto voices joined in a shrill song that at first was disturbing. It interrupted the ease and flow of movement and color. The song faltered and suddenly became a new monotone, more delicious, more soothing. Its chief sounds were in consonance with the monotonous “Chonkina, chonkina, chonkina hoi!”, which still sounded from the skillful player of the samisen.

At this change in the song—a change that had a meaning to the rest, though it was hidden from me for a while—the aspect of the ten dancers altered. A flame crept into their eyes. A game was beginning. I could not follow it plainly. There was something of the cenie-meeniè-minie-

mo of the children's game in it. In any event, the dancers at once stood rigid in their places. One of them had lost and had a forfeit to pay. She paid by removing her sash. Swiftly it unwound itself, turned in the air like a bright, flying serpent, and fluttered into the hands of a waiting maidservant.

They sang again: "Chonkina, chonkina, chonkina hoi!" In the pause of the music, again and again came the pause of the dancers and their rigidity. And the forfeit was paid. The girl of the orange sleeves was the chosen one. Sash and blouse vanished; her body appeared. She had shone brighter in the dance before her throat, her shoulders and her girlish breasts were bare. Near to her danced the child and she flung away her robes with artificial gayety, a prescribed abandon. Her breasts were tiny; her skin was yellow until it touched the white powder of her throat, face and arms.

A change in purpose had come over them. They shook in a cancan motion. They became sinuous. Ecstasy passed over into the beginning of vileness, of obscenity. The samisen was uproarious. The words of endearment became shouts. Then suddenly at the height of its climax the dance was over, and I lay there dazed and bewildered.

The one on whom I had cast the most glances became my companion, my Oiran or Tayu, for that night. She was magically attired again in regal dress. She passed down the

stairs before me, attended by her suite, like a queen. I was struck with awe and admiration. I passed humbly with the two men servants and the handmaidens ten years old.

There, as the retinue advanced upon the proprietor, I saw my Japanese companion in similar circumstances. All was not well with him. She whom he had chosen had not chosen him. Her eyes flashed.

"Strange," I thought, "that she should dare to rebel."

Rebel she was. She told the master that this was not to her liking. He bowed but retained his composure. The master began to speak softly. She added powder to her cheek while he whispered to her that my companion was a prosperous and generous man, that he was healthy and gay, that she would not be shamefully treated.

She became disdainful. As the master talked, she looked, not quite scornfully, at my companion. Neither her examination nor the eloquence of the master stirred her. It was apparent that she had privileges, and, alas! she meant to use them. Once more she said that she found the man objectionable and she swept away with a round sweep of her kimono. The master sighed. His vengeance, no doubt, was reserved for another time.

He chose another. She bowed and accepted him.

"Do you know," he whispered to me as we mounted the narrow stairs, preceded by the solemn parade of Juju girls and servants, "that in the olden days visitors never entered

these houses unless they were covered with a great hat of plaited straw which hid their faces to the nose tip?"

"Why?"

"In those days visitors would first go to the tea house and from that place a message would be sent to the house of the women. Shortly a servant would conduct the guests to the women. It was then that the guests put on the kimono of the establishment, a symbol of the fact that all under that roof were equal and rank or profession did not exist. With that kimono, in which their standing and birth were hidden, they also wore the hat. It was an additional sign that the outside world was forgotten there."

A servant touched my elbow. I turned from the procession. A door opened and closed and I stood face to face with the Oiran of the orange sleeves who had preceded me. I bowed and she also bowed. I looked about. The room was delightful; there were paintings of flights of geese against a delicate sky. Lanterns were burning and fragrance rose from the cushions and from her robes as she moved. On a lacquered tripod were a vase and flowers. On the floor were cushions of black velvet.

I seated myself. She bowed and began to disrobe.

"Well," thought I, "I know how they order these matters in France and in other lands. And what is she really? That I shall know soon."

I have to report that she was a little bow-legged. That

was to be expected. All Japan is bow-legged, and in more than one way. I scrutinized her. She was naked. She sat down gracefully. I felt like a brute to look at her so coldly.

She was of small stature; her skin was fine and more delicate in color than I had expected. And she was not thin, a fact that surprised me. Her hair was black, of course, and brilliant. It met a finely molded neck and lovely shoulders.

She undid her hair. No one had asked her to, but she did so with a charming smile. It was long and she was proud of it, too. She rose easily and turned herself away from me so that I might see it flow almost to her feet.

I motioned to her. She answered with a low cry.

I said to myself: This, then, must be the Japanese ideal of beauty; for they say the small hands and hips and the narrow breast are beautiful and that it is also beautiful to see an oval face and a flatness round the eyes that gives the whole countenance a tender expression. The lashes must be heavy and droop under small eyebrows, thus giving an air of submission when the lids are lowered. And the lips are red, of a color close to that of the cherry, and are only for the delight of the eye. It is also required that the complexion be white with the transparency of thin ivory. The eyes must shine and at each smile two tiny dimples must make their appearance.

The Oiran before me might not have been accepted under

the Japanese principles. There was something of the Occident in her beauty.

I lighted a cigarette. A tinkle of music began to pierce the shoji or thin paper of the wall. I heard a sigh under the music, a sigh in another chamber. Also there was laughter.

She lay down. She stretched herself on the matting and arranged her hair and its ornaments upon the wooden rest. She spoke softly in Japanese. I lay by her side. The music far away stopped and the high voice of a samisen girl chanted. The Oiran stretched out her hand like an inquisitive child and, hesitating until I smiled, touched my hair. I found a glass of sake at my elbow. I drank. I was almost ready to go to sleep. . . .

There is no sharp line of demarcation between the Juju in the house of pleasure and the geisha girl, the ornament of the tea house. The geisha, of course, is put forward most publicly in her romantic capacity as a dancer, a poetic expression of the spirit of Japan. In fact, she enjoys generally no happier a lot than the registered prostitute. They are both prey, lotus flowers sunk in the dregs, and yet, according to the Japanese way of thinking, not touched or spoiled by it. They are a part of nature, since they satisfy natural desires.

Another result of this attitude on the part of the Japanese is that the country supplies prostitutes to the rest of

the world. An especially fruitful source is the northern part of Japan. They send forth their cargoes of women and girls not only to Eastern Asia and Hawaii, but also, in secret channels, to other countries. Once such a trade was maintained with California, but it has been suppressed. Hundreds of the girls go to Manchuria and Korea. From these countries they have easy access to British India, Malacca and the East Indies. They go in large ships, hidden in the holds, where they pay their first toll, often enough, to the emissaries of the purveyors. Small ships take them, too, for it is a cargo that pays high prices and many stories are told of the traffic that plies between Japan and the Asiatic mainland.

One of these stories had a strange beginning and a stranger ending. It became known several years ago when a Japanese fishing-boat, caught on its way from the Russian fishing grounds by a great storm, was blown far from its course and, fortunately, found a haven in an island unknown to the fishermen. Their craft, wracked by the storm, slipped by chance through the small mouth of a harbor and when the storm subsided and morning came they saw a barren land about them.

The fishermen, five or six in number, went ashore to get water and food. They found a spring and there they also found signs that the island, which seemed uninhabited, had people living on it. Women. Their small footprints were in

the banks of the pool. The sailors also found piles of shells where these mysterious creatures had eaten shellfish.

The sailors called out. There was no answer. They built a fire and cooked a meal. As they were eating, so the story goes, they heard a woman weeping. They went forward into a wood and there they came upon a girl, a Japanese girl. She was like a wild woman. Her clothes hung in shreds about her. She was unkempt.

"There are four others with me," she said after the fishermen had assured her that they were not going to harm her. Soon the others came forward from their hiding places.

Then they told their strange story. A year before, in the spring, they had been sold as prostitutes by their villages, which had been suffering from famine and poverty. The procurer, whose business connections were on the mainland of Asia—somewhere in the vicinity of Vladivostok—took them to a fishing village and there contracted with a mariner to take him and the girls across the sea to the place where they were to be handed over to the proprietors of brothels.

After many days at sea, a storm arose and struck the craft on which the girls were sailing. For two days and two nights they withstood the battering of the waves and then the sailors gave up hope. Taking the master of the girls with them, they set forth in a small boat, and left their sinking vessel, with the girls on board, abandoned to its fate.



The wind subsided an hour later and the vessel drifted, by a happy chance, into the haven of the island. The girls, having recovered their strength, went ashore and eked out a miserable living in that barren place. Week after week they kept watch on the highest point of the island, hoping that they could hail a passing vessel.

The story says that the fishermen took the girls to their own villages and there married them. It is more likely that they met quite another fate, if not there on the island, then on the mainland, where there could have been little for them to do except take the first offer of prostitution that came their way.

The exportation of married women is forbidden in Japan. It is a gesture almost ironic. It is so easy to change one's status if it is necessary for the trade. The word "married" does not exist in the vocabulary of these white and yellow slave dealers. They bundle the married women, if it is good business, into the coal bunkers of the great ships, into the cargo holds, and put them in steerages or cabins with false passports. Thus they place them in all the brothels of Asia.

This does not mean that the Japanese woman predominates in the brothels of that hemisphere. There are, perhaps, more Chinese and Korean women in the houses, especially those of a lower order. And there are American women in every one of all those cities, and in some houses there are

as many girls from New York and other cities of the States as from any other nation.

The presence of the Japanese prostitute in foreign lands works havoc among the women of the country. The women of Hawaii and of the islands of the South Seas have been given a lesson by the demure, obedient daughters of Nippon. Their education began long ago when the first white men came to their islands to assist them on the road to culture. But the commercial coldness and methods of the Japanese traffic were much imitated and the ease of dealing in Japanese women gave the traffic the profits and organization to extend its ramifications.

Will the Yoshiwaras of Japan ever close their doors, empty their houses of the giggling inhabitants, and send the hordes of pleasure-seekers elsewhere? The answer cannot yet be made. There has been agitation against the spread of prostitution in Japan. It has taken the form of a movement to improve the position of women generally, a movement that embraces four groups: The law, education, the press, and the enlightened public. Some legislation has promised equality for women. It all sounds beautiful and interesting, but the change, if it must come, can only arise out of a change in the very nature of the Japanese. As long as the man continues to be the despot of his wife, manages her property, chooses her abode, and divorces her by striking

his wife's name from the records, there can be little hope that his other privileges will be limited.

The intellectual women of Japan, so small in number, have asked that the reconstruction be brought about by giving similar moral instruction to both sexes. They have made some progress. There is a promise of redemption in their mythology. Van Kol, the eminent Dutch author, wrote of the women of Japan: "Kwannon, the bodhisattwa, once took an oath to save the Japanese women from their terrible fate and purge them from all sin." The hour for the fulfillment of that oath may be approaching. Whether it will bring with it the doom of the Yoshiwara system, time alone will tell.

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## HONGKONG

### Lovers on the Hoa-Thing

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**T**HE sleek coolie bowed before me as I read the message that the servant had brought to my hotel room. His costume consisted of a silken blouse and pantaloons of a strange blue color. His face was as noncommittal as an egg and somewhat like one in shape.

I followed him, for I sought information at first hand, from the fountain source of this stream of vice into which I had plunged. I had come to Hongkong with a letter from an important person. Now, certain strange doors were to be opened before me.

The coolie's sedan chair carried me to the house of Quong Yik near the turquoise waters of Repulse Bay. I leaned forward with interest when the coolie pointed to the country home of this master in the export and sale of women.

That he was a man of wealth it was easy to see. There were palms, feathery bamboos, drooping willows and gorgeous masses of azaleas, trained and trimmed, and in some

instances, wired to resemble stout, jolly mandarins. The fragrant air was heavenly.

The sedan trotted into a garden before the entrance to his house. Birds flew up; music sounded. There were the harmonious notes of guitars, the voices of singing girls, laughter, and the harsher accents of men.

Two servants bowed on a veranda bordered with flowers. Here I stepped out and was led over marble flags through a heavy door into a hall that was narrow and high.

The servants left me before a door which presently opened, and another servant greeted me. He was richly dressed and led me with much dignity into a room furnished in exquisite Oriental taste. Out of a shadow that lay thick in one corner of this room Quong Yik advanced. I saw his robe clearly before I saw his face. It was a close-fitting garment of purple color, sparsely embroidered with small oval ideographs in gold. A great yellow diamond blazed on the little finger of his right hand. On his left a large ruby sent out flashes of color as he moved.

His forehead was high; his nose strong and disdainful, save when he smiled; and his eyes lighted with frankness as he talked, although during his ceremonious greeting they seemed full of darkness. But perhaps it was the moving shadows of the room that gave me that impression.

There was a table set for two. He bade me sit down and began to chat in English. Housemen scurried into the room

with food. They passed their hands expertly over the lavish display of crystal, damask, silver and gold vases, and plates of fragile porcelain, containing sweetmeats, fruits and candies of rich hue, and liquors.

"I understand your purpose in coming to me," he said. "It is a strange one but I am willing to talk to you concerning this business for the sake of the one who sent you to me."

He helped himself to fruit. "I have," he began, "a fine web of trade."

Web of trade! I remember clearly how my brain woke up as he pronounced that phrase, well-known of course to me. But in this particular case—how fitting an appellation! It was a web, indeed, and Mr. Quong Yik, despite his splendor and brilliance, was very much like the creature that waits in the center of the web he has spun. That phrase has always remained in my memory, for it gave me, in a very few words, a picture of long lines of communication and thought and custom stretching out all over the East, straining mightily, with cunning and gold and cruelty, to reach the needs of the earth's lust and the easiest, cheapest, most profitable way of satisfying it. Web, indeed! And how many children, do you suppose, had been neatly enticed in recent years into that web, trapped, tired out, and devoured?

I asked him this in polite language.

"Thousands," he said.

"The trade," he continued, "is large and it spreads far. Its center, so far as I am concerned, is here in Hongkong and in Macao, where I divide part of my profits with many men and women in my service.

"You have already been told that I derive my profits from the trade in women and from gaming houses. All these enterprises are flourishing. I shall explain to you how the traffic in women of China is not difficult to maintain. In the Orient, the position of women is, in every way, lower than it is in Europe or America. I have lived in many countries of the West, including the States, and I know how great the difference is.

"I believe this difference in the East was created because the struggle to make a living, except for the poor, is not so intense here. Or was not. A man could keep several wives in the Orient, with not much effort and expense. Women thus came to depend more upon men for their economic welfare. That is true, in varying degrees, all over the world. But here, in China, there never has been any important effort to change those conditions. Power has been kept from women. They have been made part of a man's property.

"This is one of the reasons why women are regarded as being lower in the social scale than men, a belief that has been implanted deep in the Oriental mind and nourished

by the Buddhistic and Confucianistic doctrines. Yet I do say that here, in China, the moral situation of the female is not as pitiful as that of the Japanese woman. Her bondage is heavier."

Quong Yik sank deeper into the lovely cushions that set off his finery. He munched a loquat.

"I come now," he said, "to the subject of prostitution; why I buy and sell women and girls and what the Chinese attitude toward the traffic is.

"It seems to me that in the Western world prostitution may be divided into three classes. The first is surreptitious prostitution, the second is religious prostitution, and the last is lawful or licensed prostitution. There are no such categories in China. We have only the third class: The brothel and the licensed prostitution system. Under this system the houses are of different classes. In the better class houses there are a keeper and inmates. In the lower class houses there is no keeper and the prostitutes run the house. There are three kinds of inmates. Those hired by the house, those belonging to the house and the amateur prostitutes. In addition there are the clandestine women living in illicit brothels.

"One of the characteristics of Chinese thought is the absence of the veneration of sensuousness, which, under the hypocrisy of religion, offers an excuse for some of the debaucheries, sensual ceremonies and orgies that in many lands degrade and debase the morals of the people. It is



well known to the priesthood that the sexual nature and the part of man which leads him to worship a deity are intimately connected in his consciousness. The worship of the phallus, for instance, is, in some opinions, the source of most religious ceremonies. But in China there have never been immoral ceremonies devised by the priesthood. We have here, for instance, no class of nautch girls, kept in temples, such as the traveler sees in India. I believe the world at large regards the Chinese as a depraved people, but our race has never attempted to hide its sins and its vices under the veil of religion as other races do. Our mythology is not filled to the brim with base accounts of the sensuous love affairs and amorous adventures of the gods, narratives that to me make the legends of the Hindu and Greek so extremely distasteful."

"This is interesting enough," I said, "but what can you say of the thousands of houses of prostitution in China and the innumerable flower boats where, I am told, the debaucheries surpassed even those told of the Roman times?"

"I do not deny," he replied, "that we have as many houses of prostitution—if not more—than you have in the West. But there is a vast difference in their functions. First, these houses are considered by us to be a necessary evil and we have become reconciled to the idea that such houses are needed by society. Second, the women of these Chinese houses have not adopted unnatural sex habits for the pur-

pose of pandering to the depraved tastes of their patrons. The excesses of France and of America and of the Eastern cities, where the white race rules, do not exist in China. Of course there is another form of prostitution here, the male homosexual, but we need not go into that."

The Hoa-Thing. That is the name of the flower boats, the floating houses of prostitution. Quong Yik told me of them. He added to the stories I had heard before. And I saw them, gleaming in the night upon the rivers, music sounding from them and laughter.

The flower boats are, of course, found only in the river cities. There are two kinds of boats. One is the Wang Lao and the other is the Scha Kwoe. The difference is one of size. The Wang Lao is larger.

The length of the craft may be from sixty to eighty feet and they are often fifteen feet wide. The boat itself is divided into three sections. The stern is tilted and has a platform from which one can step on to the next boat when they are moored together. The space nearest the stern constitutes the main hall which runs half the length of the boat. To the right and left of the entrance to this compartment there are benches for those patrons who must have opium. This principal compartment contains what Quong Yik was pleased to call "the work-room." It is hidden from the eye

by a partition, whose windows may be closed by shutters and curtains.

The floor of this principal room, where the transactions of the prostitutes take place, is covered with a precious carpet. The furniture is usually in excellent taste. Lamps of rare design, with crystal ornaments, are suspended from the ceilings. The furniture otherwise is scant, consisting of a table, chairs of ebony or rosewood, and a few other pieces.

The Chinese come to these larger boats in parties. Often there may be a group of twenty who have hired the boat and its occupants for the night. The proprietor of the boat supplies food, the girls of pleasure and the musicians. The usual program is to begin an elaborate feast at nine o'clock. The guests are seated at the table, each with a prostitute at his side. At the end of the feast the guests retire to smaller boats, each with a girl. These boats are tied up to the larger vessel. In the smaller vessels is a cabin elaborately decorated. A large bed is the sole piece of furniture.

The prostitutes on the Hoa-Thing are similar to the inmates of the houses of prostitution on land, the houses styled Tsing Lao, or Blue Mansions. They are educated for their profession in much the same way that the Japanese Juju is educated. The roughnesses of rural environments are removed; they are taught to wear pretty clothes and to make up their faces. Their heads are filled with phrases of endearment and small talk that the Chinese lover likes to

hear. The actual performance of their duties is taught to them according to age-old custom.

The prostitutes begin their novitiate when they are children. No sexual activity is required of them, of course, for they are then but nine or ten years old. For the first six years of their life in the houses or on the boats they are treated with much devotion. After their seventh year, they are sent to keep the rooms of the older girls in good order and are often taken to the flower boats to pour tea for the guests. Of course, this exposure of young children to the lusts of men who are often infuriated with drugs and aphrodisiacs frequently results direfully for them and the cases of rape, under such circumstances, are many.

During this apprenticeship the girls are taught, among other things, singing, lute playing, and dancing. If they are exceptionally clever, they may also receive instruction in games like checkers and chess, so that they may entertain the guests when other entertainment is not possible.

There is a tradition that at the age of fifteen the girl must take the first move to make a profit for her owner by attempting to excite the desire of a wealthy habitué of the houses. If she is successful and the profit is assured, she is sold for a large sum to this man. He has actually paid a premium for the privilege of having the initial intercourse with her. The price for this act is extraordinarily high compared to what is paid in the traffic generally.

It was interesting to see how the weight of tradition bore upon these first appearances of the girl as a prostitute. One rule governs the possibility of the girl being so attractive, at an earlier age, that it is best for the owner to sell her immediately rather than wait for the age of fifteen. For instance, if the girl, at the age of thirteen, should beguile some wealthy man into an affair she is permitted to give herself to him as soon as he makes the proper payment. For a reason which is not clear to me, the Chinese call such a transaction "trying out the flower." If the girl, however, has reached the age of fourteen, the act is described by a phrase meaning "regulating the flower." When the act takes place at the age of fifteen it is given a name that is more illuminating: "plucking the flower."

Robbing these young girls—if it may be called robbery—of their virginity, is an auspicious event among the prostitutes. In some cases, when the girl is of remarkable beauty and the station of the purchaser is high, the intercourse is preceded by a feast and is followed by a festival.

Quong Yik told me of a young girl in whose veins, it was said, there ran the blood of nobles. She was from a cast-off branch of a great family, unquestionably a bastard, and she was introduced, at the conventional age, to one of the river establishments of Quong Yik. Her beauty was remarkable. She was the chief prize in the class of young ones that were growing up to the rank of prostitutes and Quong Yik's

manager expected that her sale would be very profitable.

"At the age of thirteen," Quong Yik said, "she was an attendant at a feast aboard one of the largest of the flower boats. A merchant there noted her beauty and inquired about her. He was old and rich and powerful in the world. Many virgins had been purchased by him, but the appearance of this girl at that feast drew his attention. He talked with her. She poured tea for him and sang at his bidding.

"The sale of this virgin was of such importance, from a financial point of view, that the manager in charge of those boats, with whom I divided the profits according to our arrangement, came to see me concerning the price. This, mind you, was only a year ago.

"The merchant had offered, in his eagerness, a sum in gold equivalent to fifteen hundred dollars. The manager was willing to accept. I forbade it. I doubled the price. The merchant accepted."

The acceptance by the girl was, of course, not a matter of doubt. She was, unquestionably, flattered by the huge sum offered by the merchant. The transaction was arranged, the money paid over, and the circumstances of the meeting were settled. The preliminary feast lasted three days. During all these hours—day and night—the gayety was unabated. Opium and liquors were consumed in great quantities; music beat continuously from the Hoa-Thing, where

the merchant was to receive his purchase, and from the surrounding boats.

By some curious quirk of his mind, the merchant decreed that the child should be brought to him at the first flash of daybreak over the river. The scene must have been almost riotous. Quong Yik told of the chorus of singers, the flashing of innumerable lanterns, the cries of the excited prostitutes, and the deep groans of the men, young and old, who were lying in the languor of opium and the keen aphrodisiac drugs of which the Chinese know so much.

At the flush of the sun on the river, a great shout arose and the merchant entered the "work-room" of the Hoa-Thing. There the servants, all young maidens, disrobed him and washed him with scented waters. Certain drugged drinks were taken by him and he lay waiting in state.

She, in turn, was prepared by the older girls. She was laid naked on a divan in another compartment and there, according to the traditional rites and practices, was disrobed and powdered and painted. To her also was given a drink that would make certain that she would return to the merchant his eager embraces with the necessary enthusiasm and skill. She was then carried into the room where he awaited her and was laid at his side. The handmaidens retired and the shutters were drawn.

"It was fortunate," said Quong Yik, "that the payment had been completed. I remember that there was some dis-

turbance reported in that room—cries and shrieks. My manager suspected nothing. It was not unusual, especially when such strong drugs were taken by the participants. However, when the servants at last were bold enough to enter they found both the merchant and the girl dead. He had attacked her ferociously and had killed her and had met death himself by the excess of his violent rage.”

I wondered whether the ruby that burned on Quong Yik's finger had been paid for in part by the proceeds of that transaction. However, the recital did not mar the composure of his face any more than it marred the beauty of the jewel.

“Suppose,” I said, “in such a case, the child should prove not to be a virgin?”

Oh, remedies had been provided for that, provided long ago in the strange sexual alchemy of the race. There was nothing simpler, Quong Yik assured me.

“You are aware, of course,” he said, “that we Chinese have the reputation of being past masters in the concoction of aphrodisiacs and are able to calculate to an accurate degree the effect of those decoctions that incite the sexual passion. For ages we have prepared and used philters and potions that have as their chief ingredients such things as muscus, ginseng, dried shrimps, powder of phosphor and cantharides.

“By the use of these potions, the suitor, especially when



he has eaten and drunk heavily, is an easy prey to the last philter that is waiting for him when he is lowered into the smaller flower boat where the girl is waiting. Certain of his faculties are dimmed. He is unaware of any deception—such as selling him a virgin who has already been sold as a virgin before.”

Tradition decrees that the girl, who is thus honored by a wealthy customer, does not immediately pass into the ranks of prostitutes. If she comes through the first experience without hurt, she is placed on the auction block, figuratively speaking, for the second time. After the second purchaser has taken what he has paid for she is usually put by as a person worthy of no further special honors and becomes a member of the brothel population or is assigned to a flower boat. To this second man is given the euphonious name of Re-Figurer. The explanation of this term is not easily understood. Its implication is, of course, that he has completed the transformation of the girl from her state of virginity to the state of prostitute.

If a girl is of exceptional beauty, another tradition guides her course. She is returned, after the initial intercourse, to semi-seclusion. There she rests for a year. The word “rest,” of course, indicates that she is not the subject of sexual transactions for that period. This rest serves a double purpose; it not only permits time to rub out of her memory

any unpleasant images of the first orgy, but, in addition, should the girl be of a willing nature it gives her sufficient time to develop and nurse an enthusiasm for the next encounter.

At the end of this year, the beauty is again brought forth and is sold for the second time. This sale is followed by another rest, of shorter duration, and again she is sold. Both of these transactions are of less importance to the brothel manager since the price for the enjoyment of the girl's body decreases as each experience is consummated. It may happen during any of these periods that an infatuation by some rich habitué will lead to his deception and the consequent sale of the girl again as a virgin, at a virgin's price.

After the second sale the girl is then labeled "Re Hang Ti Niu Niang," or "Girl of the Second Time." Also, she is admitted to the inner sanctum of the brothel and her class name is also changed to "Ch'ang Chi," or "Inner Girl."

The lives of the girls and women vary according to their beauty or the skill with which they use their charms. The prices charged by the brothel also vary. A girl of unusual charm may earn for her owner the sum of forty dollars in one night, the price asked for the privilege of being with her during that period. The scale of prices runs downward from this to the point where poverty-stricken coolies pay a few "cash" to the derelicts cast aside by the system when

they become diseased or too old to provide a satisfactory return on the brothel-keeper's investment.

The best customers, in number at least, are the people of the provinces, the Soan Took Kwii, who are nicknamed "The Devils of the Mountains." They, not unlike rural inhabitants the world over, go the pace when they visit the cities and are in most communities the mainstay of prostitution. Other classes also patronize the houses or the flower boats, and a good deal of the profit comes from foreigners.

The course of the prostitute downward, as age or sickness disables her, is controlled by the same traditions that accompany her first sale and her career as a young girl. It does not take much to accelerate her downward path. When she no longer attracts the customers of the better places in which she is first installed, she moves to a house of lesser standing. There she encounters more men and plies her trade for a much lower price. In this category she is known as "Wall Flower." This corresponds in meaning with the old Roman classification of *suborannæ*. When, in the course of time, she has again become useless to the manager of this second-class house, she is again traded to the third-class houses. Here she is dubbed "Rough Linen," and here she remains, working harder for small rewards, until she has little strength left in her. And at the end, her name changes again to "Thit Tho Lang." This, literally, is "Rotten

Flower." And no other words are needed to describe her pitiful state.

She then begins her last indescribable struggle, the struggle of the pariah. She is done for. She may still be, in years, a young woman, one who, in the Western world, would still be looking forward to the very best things of her life—wifehood and parenthood. But in appearance and in spirit this Chinese prostitute seems to have been trampled on by a hundred years of bitter time.

"No man," said Quong Yik to me at a later time, "will have anything to do with her. She becomes a professional street sewer."

"A street sewer?"

"Look around you as you go in the streets," he said, "and you will behold their kind in all parts of the city. Women, whose faces already show the ravages of disease that is quickly devouring their last bit of flesh and blood, wearing dark glasses, and trying their hands at needle work for the coolies."

And so I looked around me when I went away. And I saw them, the old ones, seated by the walls and in the corners, seeking the last bit of warmth from the China sun, and helplessly working their crude needles. They were bowed down and mumbling. They seemed not like women. Clothed in shapeless rags, trembling and cadaverous, they dwelt in misery, awaiting with dull patience the morning

when they would be unable to rise and death would come to them.

I saw three of them in a row, not far from Quong Yik's house, hugging the warmth of the wall, pieces of cloth turning feebly under their half-seeing eyes. I passed before them and into each palm I dropped a coin and turned away from their muttered thanks, thinking, as I went, how much bright gold had been passed over those palms when they were young and hot with life and the jangling music of the Hoa-Thing piped them onward to this corruption.

"In the houses that I operate," said Quong Yik, "there is in charge a woman known as a 'Wee Kung,' or a 'Lena.' She leases the girls from me. These Lenas have an enormous power over the girls and deal with them as they choose. If the Pearl River could speak, a sordid tale could be told of the thousands of girls who have found there the only solution to their troubles."

And these troubles? Disobedience for the most part. Refusal to take part in the orgies that the depraved habitués conceive for the gratification of their passions is one of the chief causes for insubordination. The punishment is hard. Bitter blows and torture are the penalties. The girls are forced to participate in the most obscene activities, not as a usual thing, but, in most instances, to satisfy the desires of foreigners or natives who have passed beyond natural satisfactions.

A thousand other accidents may occur. There may be love affairs, or the girl may see the inevitable approach of horrible death through disease. A plunge into the river ends her misery.

"I have an organized army of procurers," continued Quong Yik, "corresponding to the persons known in the West as pimps. In our vernacular they are called 'Hum Lang Po.' They deliver the goods to me. In addition, there are the 'Gee Pee,' women who kidnap children. They, in turn, are assisted by hordes of men who live on what these women make.

"Thousands of children are stolen every year to supply the houses and the flower boats. More are sold by their parents and others are homeless girls who are protected and cared for in order to prepare them for prostitution."

Let us take the case of a child who is chosen for this fate.

Her home is in a village upon the banks of a river far inland. The houses are low, unsightly shacks made, perhaps, of mud and straw, with here and there a bit of canvas or tin or wood. There are no windows and no chimney. There are only two or three holes in the walls, with bars of wood to keep out thieves. And there is a narrow door.

The interior is rough and unpainted. There may be a few stools, some dishes, and an earthen stove. For sleeping

there is a platform or boards, or a pile of grass, with an old blanket, if the family is well-to-do.

In the countryside there are thousands of people who have no homes at all. Ruin has long since overtaken them. Millions of others live on boats along the river towns and villages. From these communities flows the stream of children to supply the houses of prostitution.

In this one village on the river bank there is at the time a drought. It is plain to the old men that there will not be enough rice to feed all the children. Therefore, some must go. They must die or be sold. Since female children are of less value than the male who may be able one day to fight or work, the fates are against the girl children at the beginning. It does not pay to bring up the girls. So they are often left to die, or are killed outright.

Such a situation faces the village at this season. For two or three years it may have had good fortune, seasons of plenty. Now the rainy season has come and gone and it has left too little water in the wells and in the canals. The first crop of rice has been planted and the farmers have drawn upon the half-filled wells to flood the fields.

Every day the supply of water grows less and less. It is soon apparent that all of the planted ground cannot be sufficiently watered. Part of the crop is given up. The farmers close the little canals farthest away from the wells or streams which carry the water from field to field. They

hope that the rice fields nearest to the water supply can be saved. This, too, is in vain.

One after another the streams stop. The wells give out. And the rice fields, no longer flooded every day, soon become dry and open in great cracks around the bunches of rice plants. Long before due time the rice ripens, but there is no grain in the heads. Without threshing, the farmers store the empty straw. And they become idle and ill at ease.

Day by day the people look with anxious eyes into the empty skies. They begin to hunger. They look to their gods. They throng the rude temples. All in vain. News comes that there is plenty of rice in a valley of a distant province. But how can it be brought to this starving village? There are no roads. It cannot be done.

Now the day has come. There are too many mouths to feed. And money must be had. There is the five-year-old female child. Already her father is gaunt and her brother is near to death. All day long and all night her mother, herself hardly more than a child, lies outstretched in the dark corner of the hovel, waiting for death. Something must be sold. There is a cure for this terrible situation. And it is in the little girl. Quick, before she, too, fades under the thrust of famine.

An old crone, employed by one of the procurers, understands all this. She has regarded that chubby girl child with shrewd eyes. She sees the straight limbs, the round



cheeks, the large, bright eyes. She sends out word and presently a man appears. He has six dollars. The six dollars are in a little bag. Perhaps another child, lying in a far-off city, has earned those very dollars. However, the dollars now are here. They represent salvation for the father, the son, and the young mother. Dollars buy rice.

So it is done. The dollars are given to the father; the girl becomes a slave. From now on she is to have no father, no brother, no mother, and no home.

The mother cannot refuse. She cannot brave the wrath of the husband. It must be so, and she accepts. The new master, the monster who has arisen with rice in plenty, stands at the hovel door. The mother begs for these last moments. Her plea is granted.

She goes with her child before the ancestral tablets, where the spirits of her forbears rest. Mother and child bow down before them; the mother prays that the tiny slave will find succor in that new world she faces. She also prays that the spirits will cause the rain to come and the famine to go away and that the husband will become rich. Rich, in order that the little baby may be brought back again to play with her brother. And so they part forever: the mother to die in sorrow; the child to pass into the savage embraces of the madmen of the cities and to die at last in the street before Quong Yik's house.

Young children who thus pass into the state of slavery are known as "Mutsai." The word means "servant girl." This term came into general use throughout the province of Kwang Tung. Other provinces have other names for these children.

The innumerable cruelties and injustices of this system are found not only in the histories of the cities of China, but in the records compiled by the investigators who made surveys under the direction of the League of Nations. One of the remarkable cases reported to the League commission was one uncovered by a raid on a Chinese lodging house in Fresno, California.

The Federal agents who visited and searched the house found a number of Chinese slave girls. One of them, known to the records as B. L., placed herself in the hands of the women of the Chinese mission after her rescue by the agents. She related that her family in China was in poverty and that a Chinese, W. S. H., an American citizen, negotiated with her mother in Hongkong for the purchase of the girl.

The price was fixed at four hundred and fifty dollars. The man informed the girl that she was going to America as an "Entertainer" in the custody of one H. Y., a man, and that in order to pass the immigration officers she must pose as his wife. As soon as she was safely on American soil, she was turned over to S. Y., a woman, who forced her

into a life of prostitution. The first act of prostitution took place at a San Francisco hotel, where S. Y. had apparently made a bargain with some one who desired so young a girl.

The woman, when she had subdued the girl, told her that H. Y. had been paid five hundred dollars to go to China and to bring her back.

The records contain detailed evidence of the further exploitation of this child. She was finally forced, by threats of death, to borrow money and buy herself free from the persecutions of one of her chief exploiters. The following receipt, which she insisted on getting from him, was found in her possession. Translated it reads:

"I, H. Y., write this receipt to B. L. B. L. is my good friend and now B. L. wants her freedom. She is willing to give 1,000 dollars to H. Y.'s own hand. After the money is received, B. L. is released from H. Y. and H. Y. cannot go after her to demand more money or trouble her. Even though B. L. should gain more than one thousand dollars, H. Y. cannot demand more from her.

"Fearing that verbal evidence is not enough, the receipt is given as evidence.

Signed by H. Y.'s own hand,

Witness W. W. S.

*12th year of the Republic of China*  
*8th day of the 11th month"*

Another Chinese brought two 16-year-old girls from China into Vancouver and thence to San Francisco. He sold one of them in that city for forty-five hundred dollars and arranged that she should pay for her freedom by giving her new owner the sum of thirteen dollars every month. She became a prostitute and for two months paid the sum to her owner. At the end of this time she was rescued by the city police and was placed in a Chinese mission. The man who sold her was arrested. He was imprisoned for four years and was fined twenty-five hundred dollars.

There are many such cases in the police records of all the great cities of the world. In every segregated area the Chinese girl is found. And in the majority of such cases the investigation at last ends in Hongkong, where so much of the traffic is controlled. It was in this city that several investigations were carried on at a time when the Mutsai system had been bitterly attacked. A report in which the conditions were set forth was presented to the English Parliament by the Secretary of State for the Colonies. It was proposed that the system be abolished by law as soon as possible on the following grounds:

First, it was held that the sale and purchase of human beings is a degrading and inhuman custom. It is tantamount to treating human beings as chattels and beasts, and so encourages kidnaping, licentiousness and other serious abuses.

Second, the Mutsai are slaves and are deprived of their rights, are not paid for their labor, and can be resold at any time.

Third, there have been proved innumerable cases of ill treatment of the slaves and of their neglect. There are also many cases wherein the employers have seduced their Mutsai, in addition to selling them for immoral purposes.

Fourth, child drowning bears no relationship to the Mutsai system inasmuch as in drowning the victim is invariably one or two days old, while girls sold as Mutsai have generally attained the age of five or six years, an age at which they can be useful to their owners.

Additional reasons were given. The document was concerned only with the Hongkong colony, of course. It stated that the system was abolished by law in China toward the end of the Manchu régime and again at the beginning of the republic and insisted that such legislation could be created for Hongkong. It did not point out, however, that the general law was not enforced and that the sale and prostitution of children was unabated.

In a communication from the Governor of Hongkong to the same Secretary, answering an inquiry concerning the regulations prohibiting the Mutsai system, it is stated that cases of abnormal cruelty to the children had caused reformers to start a society for the liberation of the slaves.

"Public opinion," it added, "is as yet unconvinced of the

necessity of interfering with an age-long custom. This indifference arises in all probability from the belief shared by all classes that the majority of slave girls are well treated by their mistresses.

“An agreement for the sale or purchase of a slave girl in any form other than of adoption by purchase (Yang-Nu) is void in law, and the principals are punishable under section 257 of the Chinese criminal code. On the other hand, the purchase of a girl for the purpose of becoming the concubine of a particular man, as distinct from procurement for the purpose of general prostitution, would not appear to be prohibited under Chinese law . . . and is effected in conformity with local custom.”

Of course, there is a fluctuation in the sale of girls when famine conditions occur. During one season of famine, for example, 25,443 girls and women in the district of Shuntefu, which was not notorious for its prostitution of children, were sold. It was estimated that of the total number sold during these weeks, about 11,000 were young children, most of them destined for the centers of prostitution or for concubinage. Dr. William Kelly, special investigator for the China International Famine Relief Commission, reported as to the drought and famine conditions in Shensi province, “that 2 million persons were likely to die this spring; that women are openly sold and that the price of girls is now \$1.00 per year of age.” He also reported (as printed in the

New York *Times* of March 1, 1933) "that children are sold or even killed to end their suffering."

Another report to a League of Nations Committee tells of the part that prostitution of girls plays in the support of armed forces of irregular soldiery, commonly referred to in press dispatches as bandits. It is generally supposed that these bandits live off the land that they conquer. It is some cause for wonderment that a large army, composed for the most part of drunken, greedy, and undisciplined troops, could gain its sustenance in a territory which, by reason of famine, could not keep its inhabitants from death by starvation. The truth is that the raiders derive much of their income from the sale of female children.

In the Mien'ch' district, with which the report deals at length, more than one thousand villages were looted, burned, and the younger female population carried off. In some cases the children and girls were held for ransom. The majority were transported to slave markets and were there sold to procurers sent by the groups of capitalists who control, to a large extent, the brothels of the great cities.

Such auctions are marked by unusual precautions on the part of the purchasers against the sale of damaged goods. Word is sent out, through hidden channels, that a certain group of raiders has carried off several hundred girls from a raided district. The agents of the brothel-keepers immediately set out, accompanied by sufficient armed men to

guard against their own destruction and furnished with enough cash to buy the number of girls that are needed.

In the meantime, the soldiers are marching through a smoking land toward the rendezvous. The scenes that attend those marches have been described by rescued girls, by prisoners taken by government troops, and in other reports. They are, for the most part, indescribable. All day long, pausing only for meals of the most meager nature—enough to enable them to stand up and show their wares when their clothes are ripped off them at the market—the straggling column pushes toward the market.

The most desirable of the girls may receive fairly good treatment. One report tells of a powerful company of raiders who kept coolies with sedan chairs to carry the best prizes in comfort. At night, when the marchers halt in some wilderness or on the ashes of a village that was razed a season before, the hapless victims crowd around the fires and sleep. Their captors lie in bivouacs strung in a wide circle around the inner fires, where the children are. And, in a wider circle still, the sentries watch against the approach of another force of marauders.

Of course, many of these children never reach the slave markets. Even as they sit there, whimpering in fear and sorrow, the raiders stalk among them, drag out the least-favored among them, and attack them. This brutality continues throughout the night. The screams of the children,



half-demented by the horror of butchery in the villages and by the embraces of their captors, ring out in the darkness. And the bestial shouts of their ravishers, and their curses as quarrels arise over the division of spoil, make the night more hideous.

Morning reveals the true terror of the night and the true meaning of these childish cries. For, since the market for these raped bodies is not good and the price for a crazy child shows little profit, those who have been chosen by the captors to satisfy their brutality are not carried on to the next camp. No, they are put to the knife. When the crude meal of cold rice is gobbled and the whips are out among the train of captives, and the rifles taken up, there are scores of naked bodies flung by the black coals of the soldiers' fires. They are dead girls. One may be sure that they were happy to die, so harsh has been their fate. Their cold, small faces are bloody, beaten, and distorted. And they are mutilated, so slashed by knives that if, by any chance, there should still be life left in them their cash value would be nothing.

There is little haggling at the market. The bandits must act quickly because they are always on the march. And the price of the virgin child, especially when she is taken from a rural community, is fixed very low because of the abundant supply. The leaders of the band conduct the business. Often the market is held in the open air. There the girls are brought forth, stripped of their clothes, and set before

the buyers. They come in groups. Often as many as twenty at a time, if the raiders have been fortunate. The bid is made, accepted, and the cash is handed over. The children are taken to the dealers' quarters and the preparation for their fate begins. They are given good food and comfortable clothing. If they are extremely young they are watched over and become servants until they reach the age when another type of service will bring greater returns to their owners.

It is impossible to obtain statistics of the money involved in this aspect of Chinese banditry. There is no question that the amount received by the soldiers is enormous. And it will help to explain how such armies are maintained and how their generals are able to import airplanes and other modern arms to conduct their warfare. The only approach to an estimate of the cash return may be found in the fact that it is generally agreed that the prices for female children range from three dollars to one hundred and fifty.

These prices controlled the famous slave market established in 1928 outside Tsinanfu, the capital of Shantung, when a famine-stricken horde of refugees, numbering 28,000, sought shelter near the city. They camped in ravines and gullies and fifteen thousand children and young women were sold to buy food for the mob.

I once traveled on the West River during a period of famine and found proof that when the river peoples are suffering from hunger the men can always get good prices

for their wives and girl children. On this journey I boarded a steamship crowded with women who had been up the river buying children. They had large baskets in which they carried the youngest children. Some of them had been bought for the equivalent of fifty cents. Many of them were a year old. They were, as I have said, the children of the river dwellers. They were quite healthy and the round faces, with the large, dark, excited eyes shining, would have been, under happier circumstances, a pretty sight.

When low prices rule the market, it is easier to judge the return on the investment. Let us say that the average age of those girl babies was one year. And the average price, at a generous estimate, was one dollar. And, since the children came of a stock that is healthy and, according to Chinese taste, beautiful at maturity, the price for the mature female is generally between fifty and one hundred and fifty dollars. Exceptional beauty may bring the owner a much larger sum, as I have pointed out. Since the investment of one dollar returns its profits when the slave reaches the age of twelve, thirteen, fourteen, or, at the latest, fifteen, it is easy to see that the original sum may pay a hundredfold profit.

It is no wonder that such profits are enticing to the leaders of the irregular soldiery. As a matter of fact, the traffic to supply houses of prostitution is often the sole cause of the freebooters' forays. In one of the reports of the Shanghai Chinese Relief Organization, which had investigated con-

ditions in the Honan province, the fate of the village of Kwanyin was described. It was a community of four hundred homes. There were two thousand persons there. When the raiders came, seeking female children, the men and women resisted. When the raiders left, driving their toddling booty before them, there were ten houses standing and five hundred persons alive. They consisted of wounded adults, aged persons, and raped children.

In a visit to a house of prostitution, which I shall describe later, I acquired a few notes from one of the inmates concerning the circumstances that brought her into that house. I had some difficulty in securing the services of a translator for this narrative because no one seemed greatly impressed with the nature of the girl's story. This is not surprising when you consider that it has happened so many thousands of times.

Of the size of her native village I have no exact knowledge. However, it is not of much importance because it could not have been much larger than Kwanyin. She lived with her father and mother and there were two other children, a sister and a brother. The sister was thirteen years old, the brother a year younger. The prostitute, if she can possibly be called by that name, was, at the time of the interview, fifteen years old. The episode of her capture took place when she was ten.

For some days, the story says, there had been news of raids

to the west of the village. Once it was reported by a traveler that much smoke had been seen rising into the skies. Lacking any surer sign than this, the village went its way unconcerned. It had escaped the raiders for many years. It had also escaped famine. There was enough food for the needs of the inhabitants and the prospect of a good crop was also assuring.

Several days after the first warning had come, the village awoke at dawn to resume its business. To its astonishment there was smoke rising from many small fires all around it. There was a cordon of bandits around the village. They had come up quietly in the night and lay down to sleep and to wait for the dawn in order to make a leisurely transaction of the raid.

The alarm went through the lanes. It was discovered that several persons, whose business had taken them out of the village on the day before, had not returned. Later they were found murdered.

Now the inhabitants saw the raiders plainly as the morning mist cleared away. There were many horsemen among them. Some of them stood on a little hill and looked over the peaceful spot they were about to uproot.

Panic spread among the women. Some of them, carrying their babies and followed by the older children, slipped away from the houses and tried to escape between the groups of bandits. They were turned back.

Presently the work began. The elders of the village went out to meet the leaders and to offer ransom, which was too little to sway the raiders. The fate of the village was signaled to the wretched inhabitants as they watched the elders walk up to the raiders and in a few moments saw them meet their end, with the sabers flashing in the sunlight.

The raiders advanced on the village. They came slowly, grinning and laughing as they strode along. The execution was not delayed. The girl who told the story lived at the edge of the village. Her father, seeing the futility of talk, rushed forward with a scythe and was shot down for his bravery. Scores of the young men joined battle with the invaders and their heads rolled in the mud. The girl was dragged forth. Her clothes were ripped off. A man held her up and a cry from a leader settled her fate. She was thrust into her own house, which had been chosen as a concentration point for the females that were worth sending to market. †

The man who forced her in found her mother, brother, and sister there, crouched in a corner. He plunged his saber through the mother's throat. He decapitated the brother with his second stroke and flung the body into the street. The bandit flung his sword to the ground and turned to the sister. He struck her, tore the clothes from her, and threw her down at the very feet of the other child. He attacked her and when she fought and screamed in the horror of

the moment he silenced her with a dagger thrust into her heart.

Outside the same horror was repeated a hundred times. Fire rose from the houses as the inhabitants were dragged out. Many children were thrust into the house with the girl. There they could hear the rising cries that marked the progress of the horror. The men and women were butchered. The aged and infirm were left to burn to death in the houses that had sheltered them. Only the choicest among the girls and women were retained. All others were raped and then murdered. The entire village was in flames and not one living creature survived, except the group destined for the houses of prostitution, the poultry that was to feed the raiders, and a few animals also destined for the commissary.

She told me that she was put into a litter and carried many miles that day. Twice they camped and twice they experienced the fear of attack when the roistering soldiers, joined by other companies with similar booty, revolted against the discipline—for cash purposes—of the leaders. She was at last delivered safely to a market and purchased by a woman. With ten others bought by the woman, she was taken to a larger town and kept in privacy until the illness brought on by the assault had lessened. Her progress, then, had been a little unusual because she had some beauty. She had been sold for the first time two years before I saw

her and had traveled to Shanghai before she finally became a permanent member of a house. I came to the conclusion, as she told her halting story, that she had become insane. It was deep-hidden in those half-blank eyes of hers, but I was sure that at times I saw far down in them a crazy gleam. She was pretty, too.

I stopped at the door of the Purple Mansion. There were many girls inside, girls for money.

I looked back through the labyrinthian lanes. No light and no law were visible there. In the dull glow of a lantern behind a door I saw two figures pass. I heard a gong booming and the tapping of a watchman's rattle. It was late and yet I knew that life was stirring behind all those black walls. Once through a window came the tinkling clash of porcelain, a peal of laughter and a burst of gabble. Fan-tan players called numbers in crescendo of sound.

I stood before the portal and adjusted my tie. What? Did I wish to look neat upon entering? As I lifted my finger to touch the door I was held by my thoughts. This was not a new thing. And yet it was new. Or old. It was as old as the Yoshiwara, surely. But it was new to my eyes and I approached it in no rush of enthusiasm. And why not? Because I was flying false colors, in a way, taking notes in a house of pleasure.

I knocked. Inside there was a scurry and another gong



sounded. The door swung open and a smiling boy servant, in a long gown of blue cotton cloth, bowed before me. I stepped into a large square room. It was cool and immaculate. A bright matting covered the floors. There were hangings, severe and straight, of green and white cloth threaded with gold.

I bowed. There was no one to receive the bow. I might have waited a moment because I had to bow again presently. She came in—a hostess, I suppose. She was a fresh-checked young woman, hands folded soberly before her, walking sedately in a stiffly starched blue coat, white trousers, and, it was interesting to note, a white apron. A very small and pretty apron, of course. She led me on.

I must tell you that on the outside of the house were a few mottoes done in silk and put up in quite the “God-bless-our-home” manner. They said, according to my translator: “Blessing for the State, Happiness for the Family, Long Life for the Individual, Abundance for the Year.” Very thoughtful of some one, it seemed to me.

We passed into a long hall of many doors, behind which quiet voices could be heard. China at play.

She stopped in the reception hall. At one side was a sumptuous sofa, or dais, upon which sat two pretty girls. They were chatting gayly. They quite ignored me. But I bowed just the same. I looked about. The doors closed behind me. The roof of the house was covered with dark tiles

in roll-and-pan fashion. The upper part of the walls, including the doors, were of lattice work with beautiful carvings in wood. There were many scrolls on the walls, expressing, no doubt, the more charming and virtuous sentiments. Three large doorways, each closed by a pair of doors, occupied the farther side of the room. Against the walls were cabinets containing rare porcelains and there were rugs of silk and camel's hair everywhere.

My guide departed and was followed by one of the girls. I approached the other and, obeying a gesture of her white hand, sat down upon one of the many cushions that covered her dais. I greeted her and she replied with a series of Chinese salutations, punctuated by smiles that might have ravished a mandarin of the old times.

She was in a lovely costume, trousers of blue silk and a blouse that had a richly embroidered collar tight against her throat. Her hair was black and rich in texture, wound tightly around her small head.

I heard a burst of girlish laughter and turned, thinking that I had caused it. A murmur from my companion recalled me. She had risen and was holding out her small, white hand. I took it as her eyes surveyed me coolly. While I walked beside her she spoke in Chinese. I answered her several times—in English, French, Dutch, even a word of Japanese. But there was no response. Smile after smile, murmur after murmur.

She opened a door in the corridor. It was a small room of sandalwood, a room that might belong to a palace. She turned and resumed the conversation in which she had been so well trained.

Perhaps this house could hardly be called a Purple Mansion. It was a little above the usual scale, although its purpose was the same.

These houses of better class are the subject of tradition, as are all things connected with the Chinese prostitution. They are in a segregated district, yet a district of undefined limits. Almost every house has a gallery around it, shielded by blinds. Should the house adjoin another there is no gallery, but a façade instead. The blinds are painted a purplish blue. Hence the name: Tsing Lao, the blue house or the purple house. In the evening the blinds are opened and many lamps are lighted. Music is played and there is much singing, harsh usually, but often sweet when it is muted by distance or by rain.

The special names of these houses are always interesting and frequently amusing. "Fields of glittering flowers" is one. "Club of the ducks of the mandarins" is another. The streets on which they stand are called such names as "Street of Flowers" or "Street of Willows." One house, I recall, was "Tshao-a-ao," or "Saddle of Straw," a mysterious cognomen.

Two other names in the long list are "The Eighteen Chairs" and "The Horse's Post."

These houses are sumptuous, not inferior, indeed, to the residences of the merchants or the palaces of the officials. They are usually two stories high. The upper floor is divided into small cubicles, each of which has its feminine inhabitant. In the center of the house is the common room. The floor of the room is not level. It is sloping, an architectural peculiarity due, I suppose, to some superstition.

For the convenience of customers who may not be articulate, a code of signs has been established. In this mode of expression the courtesan and the patron are, in most cases, proficient. The code, of course, is planned to facilitate the preliminary conversations. If the prostitute satisfies the prospective patron by her appearance and behavior, he expresses that satisfaction by rubbing his forefinger under his nose. A similar movement at the right ear says: "Shame!" The exact use of the second sign quite escaped me. I could not foresee any situation where such an expression might help matters out. A third sign is the clapping of the right hand on the left hand, which is held in a boxlike shape. This signifies that the price asked is too high. The most infamous sign, which is used by the coolies as they pass the houses in the lower quarters, is one known to the lascivious-minded the world over. There are other signs, but these are among the most essential to the traffic.

"When Heaven has decided to destroy a people, there is no use trying to save them."

I take that sentence to-day from a report that I found in an English language newspaper at Shanghai when I was last there. The sentence comes from a paragraph in the report of the relief organization that I have mentioned before.

I think the midnight-oil philosopher who coined that pessimistic phrase may be right. Not that Heaven has had much to do with it; one can't ascribe such malignities to any of the gods that inhabit the high places. One might say, instead, just Hell. Or the Devil. Certainly the nether kingdom is nearer to China than the celestial one.

As I run over my notes now, thus refreshing a memory which some months ago was storing away such sights and sounds and customs as are here recorded, I recall another sexual convention that indicates how deep in the Chinese personality lies the acceptance of these things. It is the custom of renting wives. Imagine, for instance, a man going away on a trading venture that may keep him from home for three months. He does not leave his wife unattended. He has not the grace, of course, to choose a suitable lover for her and install him in his own bed and board. No. He rents her.

This transaction is similar to another more widely followed: that of the renting of children, which is very much like putting them in pawn. A girl may be handed over for

a consideration and, at the end of her term, be given back to her parents. What actually happens to the child is not mentioned in the bond.

The wife-renting custom perhaps grew out of this affair of pawning the children. Or, maybe, it preceded it. If the rented wife bears any children while her husband is away, the children belong to the man who has paid her hire. This, of course, might cause some difficulties in the event that the woman had become pregnant before being turned over to her new mate. But actually the state of pregnancy insures the woman against such renting. However, she herself loses all claim upon children born in such quasi-wedlock when she returns to the abode of her legal husband. I dare say, however, that if she bears a girl child she is welcome to it.

Sometimes the renting of a child rises out of another commercial transaction, such as a loan made at exorbitant rates. Upon the failure of the debtor to pay, a child may be taken as payment of the interest.

There is an interesting story told in Honan province—a very old story, I believe—of a man who rented his wife. It has a modern turn to it. The story says that a young man, a merchant who had much traveling to do, married a woman who was the object of another young man's excessive devotion. The girl, it seems, was not quite as enthusiastic over her husband as she was over the second man.

It was to be expected that she would seek some method of correcting the situation and the first journey of her husband to a distant province was the occasion she chose. She and her lover-to-be planned their trysts. They lacked nothing except the absence of the husband. He, however, knew all this. And having discovered that his wife was not all that she was thought to be as a wife, he struck upon the notion of renting her. He was perfectly willing to rent her to the suitor, but, in order to make a good profit on the transaction, he went about it in a very Chinese way. He rented her to another man, who, following the instructions of the husband, rented her to the lover—at a big increase in rent.

The lover was in such a rage at the thought of missing what had been so long planned that he readily agreed to an excessive payment. This lasted for a year. At the end of that time, the wife learned that her husband was not going to return and the lover, who had been enjoying the taste of fruit which he thought had been stolen—and therefore so much the sweeter—had the discomfiture of learning that the husband had set himself up in business in the distant province and had bought himself a younger wife—all with the lover's money.

I have another note here that says: "Girls may not be drowned here." I found that on a bridge outside the city of Foochow. It is only one of many warnings against the

murder of girl children. It has an ironic touch to it also, in that it hints that the drowning of girl children may be acceptable if done elsewhere. But it points the moral: that one of the artificial checks upon population is outright murder. That has been mentioned here before. The natural checks to the growth of population are famine, war and pestilence, and such calamities as earthquakes, floods, and tidal waves.

The only encouraging feature of the artificial checks employed in China is the fact that there is any desire at all to stop overpopulating its vast areas. Of these checks the most primitive is infanticide. Abortion is a practice that is spreading rapidly. Contraception, the method practiced by the civilized minority of the race, is, of course, known to the Chinese, but it is not a matter of popular knowledge. The primitive method is the only one that may be said to be generally known.

There has been no indication that the limitation of the population will ever receive encouragement from the various governments that rise and fall in the land. An indirect attack by education or propaganda would not be efficacious. However, if the penalties inflicted on Chinese women for bearing girl children increase they will become receptive to such information if ever there is found a method of telling those millions of serf mothers how they may avoid calamity—that is, after they have first borne a boy by their lord and master.



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## SHANGHAI

### The Madame is an American

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I MET him by arrangement on board the Tji-Manock of the Java-China-Japan Line. I saw him several times, but did not give him the message that was to serve as our introduction. He was a procurer, a pimp. He was a little mysterious aboard the ship. His name was Gregory. He himself was not distasteful, but his profession made him so.

So, for the meeting, at last. Quite necessary, too, since it was hard work to learn of these matters unless there had been a strong hint that it was all right to talk to me. There was, then, as we approached the city of Shanghai, a choppy blow of weather on the China Sea, a weaving blanket of foam, beneath which the long waves heaved and fell and the wind, coming with force out of the darkness, moaned in the rigging. I saw the lights of smaller craft driving for the haven, junks and fishing smacks crowding in together. I stared out into the murk. The doctor stood by me watching a scene that he had watched hundreds of times before. Not

far off stood Gregory and not far from him stood two half-caste belles, young and charming women, whom he was taking into Shanghai. They were assigned to one of the large houses there that offer to the patron a wide range of nationalities and races.

I had had no wish to converse with Gregory until now. It would not serve my purpose to be seen with him aboard the ship. Since we were soon to land, however, the time had come. And when the doctor went below to begin the routine of landing the passengers, I bore down on Gregory.

He was very stand-offish when I hailed him. He was quite the gentleman and very quick, you may be sure, to resent any unsought introductions. I took him down off his high horse in short order.

"You have two nice girls there," I said. "Very nice, Mr. Gregory. A smile of fortune, I should say."

He spluttered and fumed. I moved a little nearer and whispered the message, given to me by an ally of the great Quong Yik. Ah! that was different. Gregory smiled, did not offer his hand, but bowed. The hand was withheld out of consideration for me. There are so many persons who dislike the procurer.

Gregory became chummy. He was beautifully dressed. His clothes were made by an excellent English tailor in Shanghai. He wore no jewelry. He was dark-faced—this

from a streak of Negro blood, I supposed—and his teeth shone bright as he became voluble.

"I am willing to help you," he said. And then, anxious to characterize himself, to seek in me some sympathy and understanding, he began: "A fine fellow—that doctor. You know, I too could have been a physician. But I was too fond of women. In my student days—where I shall not say—I had an affair with a girl I liked very much. The trouble came—she was going to have a baby. I didn't have the sense to see it through. I ran away. I took a steamship that was going to the Orient. I tried my hand at everything. I wanted to become a sailor, but I could not stick it out. I hated the dirt and the awful labor.

"I was down and out before I knew it. And in Singapore I fell in with a bad crowd, one of them a half-caste who told me he could put me in the way of making some easy money."

I might point out here that there is a notation on this part of my record of the Shanghai venture which says: "Gregory's life story a lie." I can't recall now just what convinced me of this fact, but there was no doubt of his insincerity in my mind. However, there was no falsehood in his accounts of the traffic in prostitutes, proof of which I saw with my own eyes and shall presently relate.

"I had reached the stage," Gregory continued, "where I did not care what I did as long as I had money to keep my-

self alive. I asked the fellow what his scheme was and he answered: 'Traffic in women.' •

"That was six years ago. Since that day I have been engaged in business—this business of buying and selling women. Women of all nationalities, European, American and particularly Russian women, of the refugee class that have emigrated from Russia into Manchukuo and Northern China after the Bolshevik régime. A great horde of stranded and destitute women, professional dancing partners, restaurant waitresses and flower vendors. The headquarters are in Singapore. The agencies are everywhere, agencies that meet an insatiable demand for anything that wears a skirt. You saw me with those two half-caste girls? Yes, you mentioned them. Well, I am taking them to a house on Scott Road in Shanghai. As you say, it is a good stroke of business. My share will be well over a hundred pounds. And my expenses are paid. They are young and very beautiful, eager to begin their lives as prostitutes. They give me no difficulty. I simply pay their way and make things comfortable for them."

One of the girls stepped toward him. He asked me the name of the hotel where I was going to be and said that he would communicate there with me.

"I am anxious to please our friend," he said, referring to the man whose message I had delivered, "and I will help

you here. He has put many good things in my way and I owe him a good turn."

He then joined the ladies.

Our steamer dropped anchor some twelve miles off the Chinese village of Woosung, where, not long after, the Nineteenth Route Army was to give to the world an example of Chinese bravery. Soon the passengers were transferred to a tug and we passed up the stately river. It was late at night, but the banks swarmed with life. Hundreds of sampans, protected by low-arched bamboo mats, lined the shores. I saw a number of people waiting to greet the passengers. Not far from me, in the press of the debarking, I saw Gregory. On each arm a beauty rested, chatting gayly.

My coolie pulled me along the handsome Bund, flanked on one side by banks and clubs and merchants' buildings and on the other by the Whangpoo River. I rode on through a maze of carriages, motors, dog carts, and sedan chairs and, at last, drew up in front of the Astor House at the corner of Broadway.

Gregory called for me the next night, he suggesting that we visit a house of prostitution managed and owned by an American woman. She was said to be one of the most successful brothel owners in the East. The inmates of her establishment had the reputation of being the most beautiful of all the prostitutes in the city—and the cash return they brought her was placed at fabulous figures.

I agreed to Gregory's suggestion. We sent for a sedan chair and were borne by strapping coolies toward Soochow Road, the fashionable avenue of the native quarter, where we were to dine. We came to a stop before a music hall, renowned for its excellent food. On the door that led into the gleaming palace were many posters bearing the names and places of birth of the girl performers within. Their talents were praised and the gay world was urged to come in and look.

Gregory and I marched up the stairs to the restaurant on the second floor. Hundreds of others were moving in and out. The air was full of the discords of a Chinese band and the bright lights flashed. There was a constant chatter of shrill voices.

He chose a table on the edge of a clear space. I had not settled myself before I saw the first advance of the prostitutes of Shanghai. It was a procession of young girls. They entered the room under the direction of an older woman. They were clad in silks and satins, bedecked with jewelry, and their faces were brightly painted and heavily powdered. That same old Chinese smile played around their pretty lips and they looked this way and that as they came on. It was solicitation.

The woman stopped in front of a table where sat four Chinese. They were laughing and, I suppose, a little overcome with wine. The woman talked briskly to the men.

"She is telling them," said Gregory, "how delightful her young charges are as companions for the night."

That's what she did. She beckoned to four of the twenty girls that waited and they approached, bowing and smiling. The woman gestured and went on talking, in much the same manner as an auctioneer. However, the men were more intent upon the food that was being placed before them. The procession went on.

They came to us. The woman said in English: "Good evening, sirs." She then fell into Chinese and the girls moved up, a little curious concerning the foreigners. They did not know that one of their own kind was looking into their pretty eyes.

Gregory made a sign to one of the girls. She came nearer. He spoke a word in Chinese but the girl made no response. She underwent examination coolly, hopefully. But there was nothing doing at our table. Gregory again made a sign and the troop went on. I looked into their faces as they passed. Such faces! Like dolls on a screen. Their hands moved gracefully in the long sleeves of their jackets. Their little feet made rustling noises as the rich stuff of their trousers moved.

A waiter spread before us a white cloth and on this he placed chopsticks, spoons of porcelain, and then tiny dishes of almonds, melon seeds, fruit and eggs. The meal began.

Hours later it ended. There was a bottle of Lo Mi, a rice wine, and then we started.

The man between the shafts of our ricksha grinned when he was ordered to take us to Scott Road. It is a notorious quarter where there are said to be three hundred houses of prostitution, each sheltering from ten to fifteen girls of every nationality. It seethes, that road, with the income and outgo of bars and open brothels. These houses are managed chiefly by foreign prostitutes. There are Jewesses from Russia and Poland, and many Roumanians. It is a well-spring of evil, the hunting-ground and headquarters for Chinese murderers, hordes of foreign cut-throats and procurers, who are mostly escaped criminals. From hand to hand and from house to house they pass, hundreds of girls. And among them—among the prostitutes—are many Americans. Those fellows could tell tales of girls taken in American cities, by hook or by crook or by the girls' own devilment, and transported here to earn the high prices that an Oriental will pay to have his pleasure with a white woman from that far-off country.

American girls were responsible for the success of the house to which we were going. Its mistress had no others under her roof.

"Yes," said Gregory, as we went toward the house, "an Asiatic will gladly pay two or three times as much for intercourse with American women than he will pay for



his own kind. It is bad for the white race that this should be. Their hatred for the whites increases. For it is true of the Asiatic that anything he gets cheaply and uses freely—he despises.”

I answered: “Are not these women, in most cases, enticed from their homes and brought over here after they have been degraded and made unfit to return to their homes? And further despoiled here?” He agreed to this but could not say exactly what action ought to be taken to get the American girls out of the quarter of Shanghai.

We arrived at the establishment. A motor-car was discharging a party of men at the door. A liveried footman bowed the visitors in and we followed into a drawing room blazing with light and fragrant with sweet scents. My companion whispered to the servant.

Gregory and I were ushered into another room. A portière was drawn aside and a woman entered. She was the mistress and she was pompous and large. I think she was about forty years old. She had been, I knew, a prostitute, but she now showed little sign of that arduous profession. She was alert and pleasant-faced. Her hair was dyed in a henna shade, her eye-lashes were heavy with mascara, and her cheeks were painted properly. She wore a gorgeous cream-colored peignoir and gold slippers. She was the successful courtesan, clinging as best she could to her young years.

She smiled kindly when she saw Gregory and she greeted

him in a pleasant American voice. He presented me and added an explanation of my presence. She did not seem pleased by my mission. Perhaps she would have been happier had she been told that I was going to try to make myself her best customer. But, as it was all in the line of business, she soon forgot her first uneasiness, especially when Gregory assured her that I was the most discreet person that ever came under the eaves of her precious house.

She began to talk. I thought I detected a slur in her tone, a lazy lingering over syllables, and I suspected that she was a lover of opium. A servant entered with a tray of drinks and she brightened a little under the influence of the first one that she poured down her capacious, powdered throat.

"You will meet the girls later?" she asked.

I nodded. I expressed my desire to know something of her own circumstances and background and how she attained this enviable position in Shanghai.

She chattered. Yes, she assured me that the girls were the finest in Shanghai, that they were all imported from America according to her orders, and that they were trained and maintained by her personally.

I asked her if she had been in America recently and she surprised me by saying that she made regular visits—once every two years—to California. Her home was in a city of that state. That is to say, she was born there. Her long

voyage home was not a matter of sentiment, however. It was a business matter. During these journeys she made the arrangements for the export of girls, inspected them herself if possible, and described to the willing candidates all the choice advantages that were to be had in Shanghai.

"I rarely deal with a local supplier," she said. "They are not dependable and their girls are very often in poor condition for entrance into my house. Now and then one does turn up—usually by accident—who is worth caring for. I keep her in some quiet place for six months until she is rested and well. I then purchase clothes for her and take her here. They are usually grateful for what I have done and are utterly helpless without my aid. It is not hard to persuade them, if they are reluctant, that this is the only thing to do.

"I have twenty girls here. The fee is twenty dollars and no bargaining is permitted. Any visitor who attempts that is asked to leave. Our girls are made to keep themselves clean and dainty and they are not allowed to have more than six customers a day. That is enough for any girl who wishes to keep her health and good looks. They wither soon enough in this business. It is only a loss when they are permitted to do too much."

She then assured me that it was not at all a bad life. She said that she taught the girls to save their money and that they often were able to retire from the profession with

enough to keep them in comfort. I consider this a lie. But it was interesting to hear her try to justify her profession. It was proof that even in the vilest den in the world you could see the better aspects of humanity surviving, perhaps hoping for a new and better turn to life.

I made a calculation of the income of the house. I had to change Mexican currency into American dollars. This gave to each girl an earning capacity of perhaps sixty dollars a day. Twenty girls would take in twelve hundred dollars a day, for I was assured that there never was a lack of customers. And since there is no day of rest in houses of ill-fame—holidays, indeed, being the heyday of prostitution—it was clear that our hostess collected eighty-four hundred dollars a week. I then multiplied further: eighty-four hundred dollars a week would come to the grand total of \$436,000 a year. The madame gave one-third of the earnings to the girls. But what an amazing profit! As I stared at that pompous harridan I felt myself in the presence of a true captain of industry.

From this calculation, for the first time, I came to an understanding of the vast amount of money that is realized on the sale of women's bodies over the world. Billions.

The madame sent for the girls. She wanted me to see them, these Americans, and to judge for myself how nice they were. They came in, four of them. Two were blondes, one was red-headed, and the fourth was a brunette. They

were good-looking. They nodded to me cheerfully and sat down, skillfully exposing their silken legs as they did so. They resembled, generally, any group of American girls that you might find working in a store or office. Except that these were better-looking, in body and face, than the average. They were neatly made up and their clothes were good. They had enough poise to chat a moment or two, but then they lapsed into silence and looked at me keenly under their lashes. They could only think of one thing, of course.

"From America?" I asked in my most engaging manner.

They did not think that was a very bright remark. One of them said "yes." The blonde beauty was keenly interested in me—from a professional point of view, naturally. She solicited me with her eyes.

I was anxious to get their histories, but it was not possible. Gregory had warned me that they were forbidden to talk much, that they would tell me the usual lies if I persuaded them to discuss their careers. They would be lies, he said, but only so far as names and places were concerned. The general trend of the story would be true, mainly because they did not have sufficient imagination to make up a yarn.

I excused myself and wandered into the next room. There were several men, mostly Europeans, sitting there and servants were passing up and down with drinks. Six

girls, clad in gowns that revealed no more of their charms than you would see in any ballroom, were, with much gayety, parading up and down in front of the men, giving a sort of burlesque fashion show.

I sat down at a distance. A servant put a drink in front of me. The play went on under the rosy and glittering lights. I then saw that it was all part of a game, that the prostitutes must have played it there a thousand times. Enforced gayety, hard smiles, stony eyes—the story of their profession was written on their faces. The men were too drunk to see in the faces of these foreign women any sign of complaisance or enthusiasm. They watched the skirts whirl and the silk stockings as the women went through the conventional movements to expose their handsome legs, excite the onlookers, and, at last, lure them away from the scene to their own chambers.

A girl, swathed in a long tight-fitting satin dress of black and half-stumbling on high-heeled pumps, rushed into the room. She was highly excited, no doubt, from some drug she had taken. Apparently one of the men, an Englishman, had been waiting for her. She sat herself upon his knee and began, in the most obscene fashion, to fondle him.

The business was rapidly reaching the point where the coin was to be laid down and the pleasure taken. The Englishman rose and followed his charmer up the heavy-carpeted stairs. Another couple followed.

There was an uproar of voices outside the room. Several more men entered. With them came two or three girls. The men seemed, for the most part, to be intoxicated or, at least, in an extreme state of excitement, a state, I thought, that could hardly have been induced by the well-tried splendors of the women that danced attendance upon them.

There was a bit of comedy then. An extremely nice-looking girl, a blonde with a face of delicate outline and hair that reminded one of the beauties of Vienna, crossed the hall from her apartment. She leaned upon the arm of a stately Chinese, who walked with dignity and seemed not unashamed that curious eyes could see him thus returning from his quick amour. He kept looking into her eyes. She laughed at him and bowed him out.

As she turned, two men rose to greet her. Each wanted her now. She laughed, ran her hand into her bobbed hair, and, imitating a hairdresser's cry, said: "Next?" The first man, a short youngster with a tiny mustache, looked at his competitor in dismay. The second man, who seemed to have met with this dilemma before, drew a coin from his pocket and tossed it at the feet of the blonde.

"Heads!" he cried.

The girl looked at the coin. She picked it up. She looked at both men with an expression that baffled them. And then she said: "You lose!" and beckoned to the little man. A burst

of laughter greeted the loser as he sat down to wait for his turn again.

One of the girls spied me in my corner and flounced over to show her wares. She began with some stupid remark about my being lonesome and followed it with the usual inquiry concerning my affection for her. She was a small creature, with a pretty, turned-up nose and twinkling eyes. She spoke in the accent that one hears in the Southern states. I asked her where she had come from and why she was here. She shook her head and walked away.

I returned to the room where I left the woman who controlled these girls. She was alone, drinking. Gregory had been called away, she said. A girl of his had been taken into the night court at Maloo and he had gone there to retrieve his investment.

I told her that I wished to hear how she had come to Shanghai and why she had chosen this existence. Or had it been forced on her? Of course, I said that her name—if she gave it to me—was to be kept secret. She said I could call her Gracie Hale. It was not her true name.

I believe her story was true.

She was born in a New England city and had later married a lawyer and moved to California. She assured me that her family was of good stock and that she had received more than the usual amount of schooling. She had had some money and her husband was successful, too.



He led her a merry life. Her charms were not enough to hold him and she gave it up after a year or two in which other women had as much, if not more, of him than she did. She determined to leave him. When the parting came, she went to Europe where she had been many times before.

In England, for a reason that she did not explain to me, she took passage on a cruise to the Orient. She reached Hongkong and liked the city so much—probably because of a love affair—that she decided to remain there. She found a position in an export house that did business with the States. Her funds were rather low. Presently she lost her position and soon her money was gone.

"I then met a traveler for an Indian firm," she said to me, "and I fell in love with him. He was an Englishman. He kept me for a while in secret until he tired of me and then he left me to my own devices. I had no way of getting home. I did not dare ask aid of my husband, who had now divorced me. One night, when I actually had no place to sleep and had had no food for days, I sold myself to an European. He gave me a great deal of money.

"He went away for a short time, promising to return. I had learned, in the meantime, that a Chinese will pay much money to be with an American girl. During my friend's absence I frequented a hotel where a wealthy Chinese lived. He had at one time made discreet advances to me—when I was in business. I found him and, by skillful work, got

more money from him. He wanted to take me into the country and install me in a villa. But I had other ideas."

Her idea was to establish herself at the head of a house of prostitution. This she did. She did not know much about the business, but she met a procurer.

"All women in this business turn to men for help in conducting it," she said. "Respectable men turn away from us. The only men we have to depend on are the pimps, the cadets, and all those who understand how we make our money and are willing to take some of it from us.

"They can talk to us intimately," she went on, "and console and protect us when things go wrong. We trust them and stick to them even when they rob us and beat us. We cannot do without them."

"They assist you," I asked, "in getting cooperation from the authorities?"

"Yes," she said, "although it is not difficult for me to do that sort of business. The authorities are kind and obliging. True, I pay well for the privileges I seek, but in Shanghai, as in practically all cities of the world, the police and other departments have their hand in this pie and will not let it go.

"I get along with them easily because I treat my girls right. If houses like mine were not properly kept and we allowed every type of man, diseased and otherwise, to have intercourse with our girls, hundreds of men would be

dragged to death and there would be an end to our business. We are careful because we have to be. We turn hundreds of men away. I have trained the girls here to make sure—as well as they can—that there is no disease among the customers that they entertain. I spend a great deal of the house's income on medical care and I do not believe that any man can say that he was ever sorry for a visit here." At this I smiled politely to myself.

"As to the risk of running a house like mine: there are plenty of dangers, you may be sure. Every woman who comes to my house brings a certain amount of professional risk with her. They are always hazardous propositions. I might invest a good deal of money in a girl, restoring her health and confidence, only to find that she is simply using me to get money to carry out some scheme of her own. For a lover, perhaps. It is not possible, however, for a girl to leave my house and go to another. She would have a hard time finding another madame to take her in."

I asked her to tell me how many girls—Americans—she had used in her career as a brothel-keeper. She said that they numbered about two hundred. I asked her to tell me how she managed to find so many girls willing to take up such a life and she responded that the girls were not always willing, but that ways and means were found to persuade them.

Apparently the best way, the one most practiced, is to

debauch the girl first. During her visits to the States she was in constant communication with agents who had likely prospects in mind. Very often the girls are already semi-prostitutes; that is, they are employed or living with their families and choose to gain money for themselves by discreet prostitution. She told me that in such cases, when the girls are successful and are at the same time seeking adventure, the task of persuading them to take the long journey to China is not difficult. They are given money for their expenses and are trusted to start the voyage. Often they start with no intention of keeping their end of the bargain when they reach Shanghai, but, since they are never able to think very clearly, they fall easy victims to the agents that meet them when they arrive at the port.

She told me that there are agents, acquainted with houses of prostitution in San Francisco, who watch for likely young girls who have been lured by drink and drugs into the profession there. The voyage to China is suggested and a settlement is made with the brothel-keeper who has control over the girl. She may be taken out by an agent or travel with another girl who has also chosen the Shanghai assignment.

"A great many of my girls," said Gracie Hale, "have left theatrical companies to come to my house. I once arranged, during my visit to California, for a theatrical tour of the Orient by a company that was formed for the very purpose

of replenishing my supply of girls. Several of them had fallen ill. Two had died. And because of some trouble regarding money I had to drive two out of the house. They were cheating me. I do not know what became of them.

"I took fifty thousand dollars in cash with me to America. I invest most of my money there, because I intend to return some day and live there the rest of my life. But an agent, who had some experience with theatrical matters, proposed this stroke of business. Another procurer had marked out five girls for me—striking blondes—who had earned money as 'party girls,' or 'call girls.' A telephone call would bring them to the place where a party was going on," she explained. "They were also trying to commercialize their good looks by getting work on the burlesque stage and that sort of thing.

"There were ten girls in the company. At San Francisco they signed contracts to sing and dance during the tour. Each one was given a generous salary and a promise of transportation. My money paid their advances. Some sort of musical show was bought and a rehearsal was held, just to assure the girls that all was well. They were very enthusiastic. I had not seen the girls, because it is necessary for me to accept the recommendations of the agents, the procurers. But I attended this rehearsal and was pleased by their gayety and appearance.

"I went aboard the ship with them, but I did not intro-

duce myself, of course. They were very gay during the voyage. When pay day came I handed over the cash for their salaries to the agent. The little love affairs that they had aboard the ship were not encouraged, of course. The manager of the troupe, my agent, was very strict and scolded them when they flirted. But, despite this, it was true that the darlings did not spend much time in their own cabins.

"They started their tour, played a few times here and there, and then arrived in Shanghai. There the enterprise fell to pieces—that is, the theatrical enterprise. The girls were destitute. They picked up a little money by prostitution in the second-class hotel where they were being kept by my agent. He abandoned them, at my direction. I came to their rescue, bought them clothes and liquor, and then brought them here. They were pleased by the stories told to them by the other American girls and I was very soon on my feet again. They were willing to work, especially under the easy conditions which I require. One or two of them determined to save their money and return to America, but the mere accumulation of money keeps them here. They have good bank accounts and they have earned a great deal for me. They will never leave me until I am quite ready to replace them."

She gave me other instances of her methods of recruiting girls. It was not surprising to learn that some of them apply for admission directly to the house. She told me of one

girl, whose history it was difficult to believe, though I felt that it was true since she had no reason to deceive me.

The girl, Gracie Hale said, was the blonde for whose favors the coin had been tossed. She was an American and lived in a New England city. I believe she was, or had been, an interesting psychopathic case. Surely no other explanation can be given for her curious behavior.

This girl, whose name was given to me as Gloria —, was a college graduate. She had been educated at a university near Boston and for this reason and because of her accent I came to the conclusion that perhaps her home was in Boston, or very close to it. It was in Boston that she took up her career as a social service worker. In the course of this employment she came in contact with many persons of the underworld and, through an assignment to a large hospital, she also served in the capacity of adviser to prostitutes and other destitute women who were about to set out into the world again after treatment for venereal disease.

If the secret history of this girl were known, one might be able to discover in it the clew to her desires, or possibly to some subtle form of perversion. No doubt she took a lively interest in the stories related to her.

One of her patients was a girl from a New England town who had been stricken with syphilis in Boston while she was seeking ways and means to return to her home. The disease was contracted in Shanghai. As a matter of fact, it

was in Gracie Hale's establishment that the unfortunate child acquired it. The brothel-keeper could not explain how it happened. She was sure that the girl had purposely avoided a medical examination or had acquired the disease in some secret venture of her own. In any event, she was able to make her way by steamship to England and thence to Boston. There the disease became so advanced that she had to seek aid.

When she was sufficiently well to resume her travels, she was turned over to the social service department of the hospital. It was then that Gloria, as she may be called, interviewed her. I cannot see what was in that tale of lust, brutality, sickness and death, which should have held any charm for the social service worker. Nevertheless, the story ends with the arrival of the girl, Gloria, in Shanghai. She had paid her own passage to that distant port, had abandoned her work and her family. Her disappearance was a matter of some moment, Gracie said. The press reported it at considerable length and it at last became one of the unsolved mysteries in which murder, kidnaping and other causes were given as explanation.

She walked into Gracie Hale's house one night when the place was going full blast. She was frightfully excited and yet spoke calmly enough. She said that she had never had intercourse with a man, that she was not in need, but that she desired to become an inmate of the house. The old



harlot told me that she had attempted to dissuade the girl. I didn't believe it, though she may have persuaded her, as she said, to wait a few days before she actually began to receive Gracie's customers. But this delay, you may be sure, was simply to give Madame the opportunity to seek out a man sufficiently wealthy to pay the large sum that the situation demanded. It was a Chinese who won the prize. He came, interviewed the girl, and paid Gracie the equivalent of one thousand dollars. Their meeting lasted three days, Gracie Hale said. At the completion of this introduction to the life of a prostitute, the newcomer made no complaint. This had happened two years before my visit and she had never ceased in the pursuit of her strange desire. The end, of course, will be disease and death; that is inevitable. The most stringent precautions cannot protect the prostitute from acquiring at last the disease that makes her useless in the house and results in her departure, either to a pitiful return to her far-away home, broken and spoiled for life, or to a death whose misery cannot be recorded because it occurs in the darkness and filth of a city that has no interest in her fate.

By this time Gregory had returned. He had not succeeded in freeing his young charge from the police. As he was explaining the case to us a Negro woman servant entered and whispered to Gracie Hale. She was disturbed

by the message and left us, after inviting me politely to return one day and continue our talk.

I went out with Gregory who asked me to accompany him to the court. We walked on through the street, passing the brothels where girls in gaudy dress stood in the doorways or leaned out of the windows, flashing their old smiles, revealing their bodies, urging us to come in. I saw handsome Polish Jewesses in many houses, women who had been transported long distances from their native villages. There were many dark-skinned women plying the trade also, speaking in strange dialects to the men who walked by.

At one of these houses, I stopped. Gregory walked through the door and beckoned me. Three blowsy white women came toward us and I saw the face of a Negroid girl peering through a doorway. Gregory ordered them to be off. He seemed quite at home.

I looked around. The room was filthy. It was unfit for habitation. The floors were loose and rotten, the ceilings low, and the air rancid with the odor of tobacco, cheap scents, drink and disinfectants. I pushed open a door and was greeted with a snarl from a tough and dirty sailor, who was in the arms of some hag.

I turned away and stepped out. It was to this, I thought, that Gracie consigns those charmers who fall upon hard times or otherwise displease her.

Gregory and I walked on. He was becoming loathsome

to me and his chatter intolerable. He could not keep his mind off his awful business. But I wanted to see the girl in the night court at Maloo and find out what lay behind the charge of disorderly conduct that had been made against her and was providing so much trouble for the procurer.

We left our rickshas opposite Maloo Market, passed through a wooden gate and entered the courthouse. Its walls were high and whitewashed. Two grotesque frescoes of dragons, winged lions and other monsters, intended, I suppose, to strike terror into the hearts of malefactors, stared me in the face.

Facing Nanking Road was another doorway leading into a smaller courtyard and there I saw a large wooden cage. In it were several prisoners, coolies and derelicts, who were about to be chastised.

Maloo Court is a unique institution. It is called the Mixed Court; that is, one that deals with both white and Chinese cases. It was established in 1865 as a result of conditions arising from the imprisonment of Chinese in the International Settlement. They were turned over to the Chinese officials for trial and punishment, and since the officials were cruel and unjust and it was necessary to protect the Chinese prisoners and also to insure fair treatment for foreign people who came up for trial, the device of the Mixed Court was struck upon. The Chinese judge is now assisted by a foreigner called an assessor. Consular courts on Chinese ter-

ritory apply their national laws. Each settlement, whether French or International settlement, handles problems such as these, according to its own municipal laws and policies.

When I came in the witnesses were taking their places, Chinese on one side and foreigners on the other. They were guarded by Sikhs and Chinese policemen. In the hall and in the courtroom a throng of curious people pressed forward.

Two or three wretches were crouched inside the bars, a contrivance consisting of heavy frames of wood with a hole in the center for the head to come through, a bar resting on each shoulder. Slips of paper, pasted on to the frames, related the crime for which these men had been imprisoned.

The courtroom was crowded with idlers, petitioners and friends of the accused. I saw many Chinamen asleep on the benches, apparently trusting to luck to wake them up when their friends came to trial.

Suddenly, I made out in the throng of prisoners, a garishly dressed white girl. She had something to say and she was saying it loudly, with wild gestures. I looked at her closely. She was one of the girls that I had seen in Gracie Hale's establishment.

The prisoners were led before the magistrate at a quick trot. They stood crouched in front of the prosecutor, who read the charges over them. I was astonished by the speedy disposal of the cases. The prisoners made little defense of

themselves and showed no emotion when the verdict of guilty was returned.

One fellow was convicted of kidnaping. He had taken a female child from its mother and had sold it for a few dollars. The hue and cry led to the hiding-place of the child and the prisoner was found a few doors away taking his opium. He was quickly found guilty and condemned to flogging and a long term of imprisonment. From the inquiries of the judge it was evident that the fellow, who was a coolie, had narrowly escaped a judgment of death. It would have been better so. They dragged him to one side. Three men held him. Another flogged him on the face, hands and feet. It was a revolting sight. The prisoner, at first, was stolid, but as his blood began to stream he cried out, struggled and screamed. They beat his flesh into a jelly. The flagellators struck with the utmost deliberation and apathy, as if they were threshing wheat and counted out the blows. When the prescribed number was reached they gave him two extra blows for good measure and dragged him off to confinement.

There was an intermission at this moment and permission was given me to look into the jail. It was like a rat-hole. Entrance was effected by raising wooden bars. Heavy-handed jailers were on watch outside the bars.

Nothing in my experience has seemed more shameful to me than the scenes of squalor that I saw there. In that large

room I saw wretched and tortured men and women lying on dirty pallets. Vice, misery and filth were supreme. It was a pest-house. In one corner I saw a group of sturdy ruffians, who were whiling away their lives by gambling for the clothing that the jailers had left upon their backs. I saw them play for scraps of food, saw them lift up a crust and a scrap of chicken wing and soberly deal out the dice for the prizes.

In another corner there were some very young men, mere boys. Near them lay a girl, whose face, when she lifted it at my entrance, was cut with disease. She had only one eye left. I threw a coin to her which she did not touch. Other women were stretched out at full length, forgetting their misery in sleep.

It was a relief to get back to the courtroom. The American girl was on trial. She was a brazen witch. She was charged with theft and as the proceedings went on she seemed so unfortunate that I would have helped her if I could.

Gregory was doing his best, but he was at a disadvantage. The girl admitted the theft of money. A man who had spent the night with her at the Hale house had been robbed. He had accused her and she was arrested.

The court was told the girl's side by herself and by a Chinese who, I suppose, had been hired by Gregory to defend her. Her story was that the man had paid her his fee

and then had informed her that he was diseased. In her desperation at this news, she said, she managed to get his wallet before he left the room. She told the court that she had taken the money to pay for medical treatment. She was not sure, she said, that anybody else would have been willing to give her this protection.

Her statement was delivered as she faced the foreign assessor in a voice that might have come from the mouths of any number of girls in a New York subway. Gregory derided her story to me in a whisper. He suspected that there was a lover in this business.

The court ordered the girl to be taken off to jail. The man was not held and the money was given back to him. The scream of protest from the girl as the sentence was explained to her was silenced by the dirty hand of a jailer.

I asked Gregory what he was going to do. He said that he would do nothing. If the girl was really diseased, he said, she was useless. If she was not ill, then the story that she had been accused of theft would go the rounds and reflect upon the reputation of the house. I gave him ten dollars to give to the girl. He saw her and added some money of his own. Money which she had earned for him. That was the last of her, no doubt. It was her descent into hell.

That is Shanghai. It is China and yet it occupies a place apart because it is also Europe. In that city the customs and

the systems of the country are twisted and thrown askew to meet the needs of the foreigners. But the demand is the same. Lust there asks no less than it asks in all the cities of sin. And Shanghai, with its coffers in mind, answers the demand in a hundred ways and draws upon the whole world for the flesh that must meet the needs of its hordes of pleasure-seekers.



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## MACAO

### Brown Girls and Fan-tan

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THE procession of women and girls in the Orient rolls to its dark fate under the heavy hand of tradition and custom. As the Yoshiwara is a part of Japan, so is the Purple Mansion a true part of China. Rice and women: those are the staples of the two kingdoms.

Turn now to Macao. It is Chinese, too, as may be seen if you will run your eye along the map a few miles from Hongkong. And yet it is a place apart. Its evil is of itself. Its perversions, its strange lusts, its fever of gaming, all those deeds that slay and break thousands of girls in those shadowy dens—all these rise out of the soul of a bastard people, a lascivious creature that runs riot with all the bloods of the East and the West. By some it is regarded as the potent power behind the white slave traffic of the East. There is no question that it harbors in its hidden places the riffraff of the world, the drunken ship masters, the flotsam of the sea, the derelicts, and more shameless, beautiful, savage women than any port in the world. It is a hell.

But to those who whirl in its unending play it is the one haven where there is never a hand raised or a word said against the play of the beastliest emotions that ever blackened the human heart.

I went there after Shanghai. And as our steamship approached that small peninsula of granite hills and sandy flats on which Macao has been built, I thought of Luis de Camões, the most renowned of the Portuguese poets, and of the poem that he wrote during his exile, enforced upon him because he exchanged too eager glances with a girl. I thought, too, of the strange fate that may befall a city, how it may pass, as Macao has passed, from a high place in the immense Asiatic world to this nothingness: the last remains of Portugal's former greatness. There are, perhaps, 160,000 people there, of which 4,000 are Portuguese and the remainder, except for 500 of other foreign nationality, are Chinese. Once there were thousands more, but the rise of Hongkong stopped the growth of Macao.

An enchanting scene. The Praia Grande, a beautiful bay, the graceful sweep of sea wall and rows of houses, of many colors, rising upon the slopes. Ancient forts and modern public buildings stand together. And behind all rise the summits of the Mountains of Lappa.

Now frail sampans move near our ship; rusty-sided steamers, with Lascars gazing from their ports move down the

bay; a cruiser flying an outlandish flag hauls up its anchor with a deep rattle.

I go ashore. A swarm of beggars and ricksha coolies importune. There is a babel of voices, flashes of color—in dress, in buildings, and in bright eyes—and that mingled odor of humanity and strange foodstuffs, found always where many live together in the Orient.

I beckon to a coolie and he pulls me quickly through a part of old Portugal, where, for hundreds of years, merchants and Jesuits have striven for their successes. What names of streets! Traversa do bom Jeus, Pateo da Eterno Felicidade. Odd sensations flicker through the heart as the eye takes in the pink, mauve, gray and sapphire colors of the houses, the gables and the shutters. It is Iberian. There is no sign of Dutchmen here, although, since 1514, the Dutch have taken a major part in the making of the city.

I go to the Hotel Boa Vista where life runs smoothly and comfortably for me. Hard to believe that outside of this smart hostelry, with its liveries and its servility, there burns the plague spot that so many have described to me. I take my seat for dinner in a hall cooled by punkas and I look out on the ocean, a gigantic chocolate-colored space on which hundreds of junks are floating. There are scores of other men at the tables—Chinese, Englishmen, Americans, and swarthy, bearded men of a mixture of races.

I had in my pocket a letter to a certain man who was

to supply me with the proof of what had been said of Macao. I started toward his house in a twilight that seemed to be flickering out, as if the sun were a fading lamp. Darkness came and seemed as heavy as a shroud as it enveloped the mountains. I shrank back in my seat and looked half-heartedly out at the changing thoroughfares. I had passed away from neatness and glitter. Here was filth again. There were mud-houses, squat, black things, and bamboo shacks, straggling in uneven rows and clusters. They choked the Rua Comercio between them, these patterns of ugliness. And in their doorways I saw indolent coolies, now and then turning to speak to some one inside. A tableau of decay.

The coolie went sure-footed through a labyrinth of alleyways until he trotted, blowing a bit from his exertion, into a new residential district. The houses were more substantial and an evil air lay over them. There were faces peering from the doorways, faces with almond-shaped eyes and bright-painted lips. Women of the trade already. The ricksha went slowly; the traffic was thick and there were children underfoot.

There was a perfume of evil floating away from those doorways. The very movements of the black figures within against the dusky lights seemed grotesque, obscene. I was not easy at heart when my coolie drew up and pointed with a sweaty arm toward the house I sought.

The door opened at my knock. Out came a podgy man,

short and round as a barrel, but without that solidness of build that a barrel might imply. He wore a greasy white singlet and fat, flabby arms hung from his hulking shoulders. His braces dangled from the waist of his stained, shoddy trousers of white stuff. His face was even less pleasant. Mouse-colored hair was plastered raggedly over his forehead and a frowsy beard ran from ear to ear around his jaw. Sweat covered him like a layer of grease. Of all the men I have ever seen he was the one to inhabit such a house; of all the houses this was the only one for him. The shadows of the interior poured over him and seemed to be part of him.

I hated that face. But I smiled at it.

"What do you want?" His voice astonished me. I suppose he tried to growl, but there was no rasp in the words. It was silken, that tone.

I made no answer. I handed him the note. He tore it open with an easy motion and read.

"You are the man?" I asked.

"Come in."

The slate-gray eyes, half closed as he spoke, almost disappeared in fact behind the moist wrinkles of fat. He was trying to see what was in my eyes, I suppose. I might have told him: Nothing, my devil—only wonderment. But I only smiled again.

"Yes," he said, "I am the one you want."

He shambled away. I walked after him. He turned suddenly, murmured an excuse, slipped by me in the dark hall, and pulled the door shut. He locked it with a firm jerk of his arm and another murmur, a hissing rush of words that quite escaped me.

He guided me into a room. It, too, was vile. There were two rear windows but they were closed and the panes were encrusted with scum. The light of day could not have come through them and now the murky night behind them made their blackness still grimmer. The furnishings of the room, consisting of two chairs and a table, were of rattan, and there was a desk against one wall, littered with papers.

Then—and much to my astonishment—I saw a modern switchboard for telephones on a large desk. There were many electric buttons there, too, and two telephone instruments. Of what use were they here?

He sat down. He lighted a cigar and puffed briskly at it and I was grateful for the rich fragrance of tobacco that ran through the room. It drowned the odors that seemed to rise up from the seams of the floor.

I watched his face. He read the note again, holding it quite hidden in the palm of his hand, as a card player holds his poker hand.

I then saw that he was an Eurasian, possibly the son of a Portuguese father and a Chinese mother. Or the positions might have been reversed. Perhaps the *mésalliance* might

have occurred centuries ago, a love affair by the sea wall.

He turned toward his desk and peered at something lying in one of its recesses. I saw him steal another look at the letter that I had delivered.

"You are comparing the handwriting, you old goat," I said to myself.

"Ah!" he sighed. Yes, that was what he was doing and he was now satisfied that the note was genuine. It was from an important henchman of Quong Yik. He now smiled. He was genial. I tried to look as pleased as he seemed to be.

"So! You are merely looking around?"

"Merely looking around," I repeated. "Yes, that is the way of it."

"And you intend to make some record of what you see. That is it?"

"Yes, that is it. Not, as you will understand by the message I bring you, a record that will overstep discretion. I do not even know your name, for example. No, Smith is not your name?"

"There are many Smiths," he said with a twinkle in the eye that I could see under the low light.

He puffed a bit and spat a bit. He then asked me if I had not wondered, when I came in, why he received visitors in such squalid surroundings. I admitted that it puzzled me.

"Opium," he said. "From this place much opium and

many women are bought and sold and transported. There are some persons who might like to stop in here. Investigate, you know. Under this shabby front, our business is hidden. We avoid suspicion."

By exchanging glances with him as we chatted, I came to the correct conclusion that this man was a user of opium, a great betrayer of women, and, of course, crafty, vicious, cruel, and intelligent. He was a killer, too, or I miss my guess. He smelled of blood, of lives taken for the sake of gold.

He then began his melodrama. He seemed to take pleasure in my confusion and his next act was one calculated to increase my perplexity.

I said: "Yes, I am rather curious to know the purpose of the switchboard and the telephones. Where do they lead and how does it come that you ply your trade from this filthy place?"

He put his finger on a button. He said: "No! I am going to tell you nothing. What is there to tell you? This is China. Yes, we buy and sell women. But what of that? You have seen it on the mainland. It is the same here. The women are needed. I get them. However, you may look around if you wish."

He pressed a button, he sat back and looked at me. Presently a door—hardly more than a panel in the streaked wall of the room—opened, and a Chinese stepped forth. He



was tall and straight as bamboo. The first thing I noted was the flash and fire of a brilliant stone, a diamond, on his finger. He was thin. Yet he had the air of a vigorous, healthy man. His lips were sensual, his eyes arrogant, like black onyx. His nose was high-bridged and his jaw stubborn in contour. His scant hair was gray over the high, shining temples. There was in his countenance and pose a conscious pride of power. This man was a Chinese of rank, a Manchu.

"This is Wong, one of my men," said my host. He smiled at me, noting my rapid survey of the newcomer.

"Wong," he added, "is a scholar, conversant with all the secrets of the ancient Oriental crafts, and speaks many Chinese dialects. He once visited America, studied there, and brought back to China a charming white woman whom he married. He has now added her to his household."

Wong bowed. His face, in repose, seemed to be stripped of vitality, like a wonderfully devised and executed carving that held color but lacked life. He regarded me at times shiftily, gazing through unwrinkled lids that closed down over his eyes like hoods.

"He is afraid," I said to myself, "to look me squarely in the face."

Instantly, as if he had looked into my mind, Wong opened his eyes. They flashed like dark jewels catching

light. He seemed to expand and a grin broke the stiff lines of his mouth. He made himself more human.

"Take him with you, Wong," said the host, "into other parts of the house. He wishes to see what is going on. You need not tell him much."

I rose. I followed Wong through the door that he had used into a dark hall. At its end I saw a large, well-lighted room, and I heard at the same time the sound of many voices. There were women laughing and I heard one weeping, and also the cries of fan-tan players and the shouts of men and girls over wine. There were many persons going to and fro, servants with trays, half-caste girls scurrying and men going with them.

In the hall itself, as we walked down it, I saw curtained passages, leading into small rooms. One of these had a heavy door. Wong walked by it and then, with a gesture to me, returned to it. He selected a key from several in his pocket and opened the door.

"Look!" he said. I stepped close to him and looked into the chamber. At first I could see nothing. A small lamp burned there and gradually I made out the form of a girl lying on a small divan. She was naked and she was extremely young, not more than fifteen. But her body had all the beauty of a mature woman. She was an Asiatic, probably a Javanese. Her skin was brown and smooth. There were rings on the left hand that was flung, in a

protective movement, over her breasts. On the wrist a bracelet of dull silver shone.

The girl's eyes were open, but they were rolled back in a ghastly manner. I could not see that she was breathing. I thought, at first, that she was dead. I whispered a question to Wong.

"She is all right," he said. "A fellow passenger of yours."

"Of mine?"

"Oh, nobody knew it. She was needed in a certain quarter and didn't wish to come. So there she is. She will bring a good profit when the time comes to hand her over."

He closed and locked the door after I stepped out. I followed him into the main room. Fumes of tobacco and opium mingled and swirled over a crowd of men and women and girls clustered about a long table. They were gambling. They tossed coins into the center of the board and these were gathered by a Chinese and covered by a cylinder. They made bets in shrill voices or by nods.

Several of the women were Chinese, gleaming with paint and with rich ornaments in their hair. They were dressed in gorgeous satins and near them stood little slave girls. I saw tall, brown-skinned girls in European gowns and others wrapped in their native robes. There were also white women there. And all of them were intent upon the play, throwing out their coins eagerly and joyfully receiving their winnings.

The men were Chinese, for the most part. Some seemed to be petty clerks; others were wealthy men, and at their elbows stood the professional gamblers, of all races, and of all colors. It was a segment of Macao's motley population.

Present, too, were members of that strange tribe, a bastard mixture, the Macaenses. They were also called Mestises or Mestizas, and in their veins flow the bloods of Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Malays, Timorese, Indians of Goa and Negroes of Africa. In their faces the Malayan and Chinese characteristics are the strongest.

All their shining eyes gazed upon the imperturbable croupier as he skillfully raked in the winnings of the house at every play. He was as indifferent as Fate, whose representative he was. I listened to his singsong and watched the ebony rake as he plied it swiftly among the scatterings of heavy silver coins and shining gold pieces.

I saw the smug-faced and crafty Cantonese, the offshoots of Han, possessing all that is repulsive in the Chinese character. And across from the place I had taken, I saw an old acquaintance, the Fukien man, whom I had often observed in the East Indies and in the Straits. A man worthy of respect and esteem. Next to him sat a Chinese woman, with bobbed hair and high color. She was chatting to a man who came from Ningpo or Chusan, of a clannish tribe, jealous of all external influences, narrow,

wary and unprogressive in business. The Scotchmen of China.

Faces like moons; faces like bland devils. Eyes that were bright with opium and eyes that peered between slits in yellow skin.

I saw a one-act comedy. She was a tall girl of the same brown race as was the charmer that I saw in the drugged stupor. A single pearl hung from the slit in her right ear. She wore a brilliant costume, something of the Chinese coat and trousers style, but with a fullness and a richness of bright color that baffled me. It seemed almost Parisian. She spoke in a low voice, in a dialect that quite eluded me. Her hands were beautiful and bare of ornament. I saw them reach out gracefully for her winnings. Once I saw a storm race across that handsome countenance. She had lost.

A Chinese, a man from the North, stood near her. Free and easy in his ways he cared nothing for winning or losing. He did not let his money lie idle but tossed it out in large amounts and smiled at her when the croupier pushed him his larger returns. He wanted her. He cast charming glances at her and, I suppose, implored her.

But the woman denied him, and did so without a glance. She laughed at him, played and lost. I made a bet, too. I lost. She turned at me—when my white hand shone by hers under the soft light—and then she turned away.

He spoke to her again. His voice was a rumble. His big

teeth blazed between his red lips. Would she not come with him just for a little while? She would not. She laughed, still with her eyes on the coins on the table, and again she played. I dare say she thought she was rich.

I saw other women turn from the table as a servant called, or a hand was laid on a naked shoulder. They nodded, these women, and strolled away, entered the chambers with the persons who had decided to purchase, or lease, their bodies for a short space. I glanced behind me when a woman of white blood walked away, followed by a swarthy giant, whose race I could not determine. Behind the portière that half concealed their hiding-place I saw her with a disdainful look at her purchaser, slip on her dress, turn naked away from him and then move before him into the darkness of their cubicle.

The laughing, brown girl was now losing. She did it in the old-fashioned way by betting larger sums as the good luck left her. Presently she had no money. She put out her last gold piece and her importuning Northerner won it. He held it up before her, between his great fingers. She looked at him and nodded. He gathered a few more pieces of gold, pressed them into her hand. She turned to bet again. But a harsh word leaped from his bitter mouth.

She turned away. It was time to play another game for a brief while. I watched them go: she trailing sedately onward, he stalking behind. A servant—a man—caught up

with them as they entered the corridor and sped before them to the room that she used. He thrust the curtains aside and they entered. A moment later I heard a cry from her and his boisterous answer.

Wong touched me on the shoulder. I had forgotten him. I followed him to a room that had a door. This he opened, whispering that he had found something in which I would be much interested. Please to sit down for a little bit. I sat down on a small divan. There was a larger one in the other half of the small room. On it a lovely India print cover was laid. A Chinese lamp burned dimly at the head of that divan—the only light in the room.

I lighted a cigarette and sighed with content. My mind was brimming with the flash of color, the movement of brilliant bodies, eyes, hands, and the chatter of a hundred mysterious languages—ejaculations of joy, anger, lust and love—and the odor of exotic Eastern tobaccos mingling and strengthening the weight of the opium fumes. The voices were muted now. I could only hear the sharp pauses in the hum of talk as a gambler pressed his luck and brought the players to silence by his daring, by his victory or by his defeat.

I heard feet shuffling at the door. Now the sound of voices was closer. Two were talking outside there, no doubt, talking of me.

The door opened and a woman stepped in. The face of

Wong flashed over her shoulder—flashed in a smile of assurance that here was something of interest to me.

She was dressed in white. She, too, was white, except for that unnameable shadow that darker blood pours over the woman of mixed bloods. Her features had that quality which is called refined. Her hair was finespun, like the silk from Hankow cocoons. Her skin was fair and firm as stephanotis blossoms. Her eyes were blue, a strange, European blue, blue of the Cote d'Azur.

She moved to the larger divan and, without a word, reclined upon it in a graceful movement. Some new light fell on her then—a gleam from the lamp—and I was sure that she was of that womanhood of the East, in which female beauty runs the gamut of excellence. Even for an Eurasian she was a superb type.

She was a prostitute, of course, and her history was like that of many Macao women, though it had not the force of custom and tradition that weighs upon the children of the Yoshiwara and upon the slave girls of Hongkong. In Macao the Japanese merchant and sailor is saved from boredom and from other things by the outreaching of his native establishments; the Chinese, of course, still being on his native hearth, loses nothing, and gains by the European innovations. And yet the histories of the women bear, in many cases, the imprint of circumstances that are found by every social service worker in all the great cities of the world.



The same story that a New York prostitute might tell if she had reason to talk can be heard from the mouths of the Macao unfortunates.

Her story, then, was in a new category: the category of the half-caste and the hatred, bitterness, madness to strike, and the submission in feigned ecstasy that scrapes and burns the heart wherein a little black blood bubbles.

Wong apparently had told her that I wished to hear her story. She looked intently at me as I rose and greeted her.

"I am from a brothel in Hongkong," she said. "But I am not in a brothel here. I cannot undress for you—if that is what you want—he said you didn't."

I told her to talk about herself, and since she had mentioned Hongkong's brothels, to start there, if she would, or beyond that, at the very beginning of her life, of her birth.

"I curse my mother," she said.

"Why is this, madam?"

"I curse her at times when I remember that she was a Chinese. It is then I curse her—and in her own language, too. That I learned. But not on the pillow."

"Why not?"

"Because I draw the line at Chinese and colored races. I am now with that white man whom you saw when you first came. He takes enough out of me. But rather him than a yellow man."

She was extremely agitated and talked wildly. I suspected

that she had taken a drug recently, but soon I noticed that she was becoming calmer, the spasm that wrenched her blazing mind was dwindling. Her eyes grew blacker, there was less light in them. She fell back upon the divan and flung her long arms down by her side. I could imagine easily, as I gazed at her in silence, noticing the fullness of her limbs and the sharp rise of her breasts, that she might have had a better master than the man, Smith.

"My father was a Dutchman," she said suddenly.

This assertion she let fall into the silence and waited for my answer as one waits for a pebble to splash into the bottom of a well. She expected disbelief. And yet why not—her father a Dutchman? Dutchmen have been known before now to have exotic children.

"My mother was a Chinese woman of good birth. He also was of good birth, my father."

"By good birth you mean that they were persons of culture and had ancestors of renown and breeding?" I asked her maliciously.

She surprised me by repeating my question word for word. I was surprised because she was the first prostitute I had heard who possessed a memory of sufficient strength to accomplish even that parrot-like feat.

She then answered: "Yes, that is what I mean. Ancestors of renown and breeding."

Her mother, she said, had been conquered in a night of

love by this stranger in Hongkong. Conquest by enthusiasm, I suppose. And the fruits of the conquest—the immediate first fruit was that he (he must have been rich) made a bargain with those who had provided him with her and took her away with him. Yes, he not only took her away from the garish palace in which she first displayed before his Western eyes the whole aspect of her beauty, but he also married her and got her with child. This one here in white before us in Macao. There must have been something not common in both mother and father—"But in the end," she said, "their love died." The mother vanished into the alleyways of Hongkong. The father stood by the child and mused over the dénouement of his foray by ricksha.

"My father came to dislike me," she said. "He hated my mixed blood and my eyes and my skin. He was fair and I was dark. Black, to him, almost. He could not discard me, throw me out into the street. But I was not a happy child."

She did not make clear to me the circumstances in which she lived in Hongkong. But they were of such a nature that prostitution was her sure fate. Perhaps the father traveled much in his business and left her in the hands of servants. In any event, as the child grew older, the swift maturity that comes to the women of the East brought her body to its perfection and she soon became—perhaps at the age of fifteen—interesting to any number of male eyes.

She said that she was taken for one of Latin blood at first by many men. This was before she answered the glance of any of them. Later the fire and tragedy of her Eastern blood became evident. She was no less attractive to men, she said. And from the fact that she was exposed at such an early age to the masculine advances I judged that some change had come upon her father's estate or that he had given up the forlorn hope of making anything of this breed of Asia.

She told me something of the game that was played by a Chinese aristocrat, a typical Chinese affair of clumsy attempts at seduction and purchase. But she led him a merry chase, hating him for his race and hating what was in her that fascinated his bland eyes.

It was an Eurasian, one of her own kind, that got her and gave her the start toward Macao, where, I suppose, at this very moment she may be selling herself for the last time or have already wasted in disease.

"He was a mongrel Eurasian." That was her curious way of stating it.

He did not waste much time after he had first exchanged glances with her. He rushed her off her feet, as the saying goes. Whether she was rushed or not, it was true that she was soon off them. She made the usual denial that the love affair meant anything to her. She said that she had inherited fine feelings from her father, the Dutchman.

"It was not long," she said, "before I saw what his plan

was. I had become his mistress, but it was not to be just that. And it was bad. Because I hated what I had done. And then he tried to tell me that I must get money for him. He had made a bargain for me. I refused.

"He then trapped me. He found another with money, a Chinese. I smoked cigarettes one night with this Eurasian. Smoked in bed as we lay there—in that hole he kept for me. There was opium in the cigarettes. I had smoked it before to find out what it was. But this time I had too much. I was drugged; I was dreaming. Yes, I thought it was a dream. Horrible dream. But it was not. The next night I was still there, not knowing what I was. But when I saw clearly again, I found the Chinese with me. And he had been there all the time. I thought it was the other one."

After that her hate of her place in life grew stronger. She wanted to escape. I suppose it was the Dutch strain in her longing for the clear air. She had no chance, however, except through some fortunate accident or a love affair. The stigma and the jibe of "half-caste" weighted her movements, and confined her.

She met a Dutchman. And she conquered him. The Dutch, who are not the least inflammable of men, apparently combine their amours in the East with a strong desire to regularize the union. Because he married her. They were lovers before the marriage and she found him to be all that she had ever wanted.

Between her and the marriage rose the barrier of the Eastern blood. Her conscience, she said, bade her declare herself and spare him the risk of shame if ever a child were born. Her love for him, her passion, demanded that she keep her silence. She told me that she began her story several times and never finished it. She was afraid of the loss of her lover. She married him and told him in due time that he was soon to have a child by her. When the actual day of the birth came, she, fearing death, could not withhold the story of her own birth from him. She told him. Told him, as she told me, of the good stock from which her mother came and of the Dutch blood of her father.

"All that did not count," she said. "He left me forever and I have not seen him since. The child was born. A girl. She was a half-caste and the fate of the caste will pursue her as it has me.

"I could do nothing. I entered a brothel and earned as much as I could. I held out against the yellow men as long as I could, but when the price went too high—because they wanted something that was long refused to them—I submitted. One day Smith came in—that is the name of the white man here. He had been a habitué of the place and had done business with the people. He stayed with me for a night and in the morning he bought me out of the place and took me here, where I will always be, I suppose."

I found Wong near the gambling table. The play was just the same, the gabble and the smoke rose in the same volume.

He took me out of the house and, in the darkness, to another. This was a house of prostitution. That and nothing more. There was no gambling. He took me through an entrance in the rear of the house and waited until the manager of the place, a large Portuguese woman, came to greet us. He whispered a few words to her and she left. In a few minutes she thrust her manlike, pallid face into the room again and nodded.

He drew me to a hole in the wall of a side passage. I looked in. He breathed a word into my ear and withdrew. I watched. For some moments the dimness of the light within baffled me. Later the atmosphere cleared; my eyes took hold of the interior of that low, large chamber. It was the waiting place of the prostitutes. A secret place, where they were themselves.

I counted eight. They had flung off their dresses and were lying in various attitudes. They were brown girls, short and well-formed, a type of islander, I suppose. They chatted gayly, but in low voices. Several were smoking opium in short pipes or in cigarettes. One curled up on a divan and slept. Others kept arriving and flung themselves down with short explanatory sentences given in answer to questions in a dialect I could not understand.

They were like animals, content and sleek and beautiful.

Their eyes were bright and they seemed to be kind to one another.

They were called out by the woman I had seen. They rose lazily, pulled their frocks over their heads and went out to battle.

Once a strange thing happened. The Portuguese woman entered. With her was another woman. She was white and she was also mysterious in her actions. I saw them whisper as the white woman's eyes ran greedily over the lines of the brown bodies tossed on the divans. Now and then a girl looked up and soberly regarded the two at the door. The Portuguese whispered to the woman and she shook her head. At that moment a young girl, whose skin was bronze bright, entered from another door. The white woman looked at her, made a signal to the Portuguese and the three withdrew. As the young girl went out she turned to her companions and uttered an obscene word. A fierce flurry of laughter went up among them.

Wong touched my shoulder. I followed him again. He stopped me as we came to the main passageway of the low, dark house, and glanced with his eyes, signaling to me, into the open door of a small chamber. I saw there the white woman disrobing rapidly and the young brown girl gazing at her, half in wonderment and half in apathy.

He moved me on. The business was brisk. I saw men coming and going. I saw the Portuguese woman standing



over a defiant child of a girl, an Eurasian. Near by stood a large, middle-aged man, who seemed to be a sailor. His big fingers kept straying to his upturned mustaches. He seemed ferocious. Wong whispered to me that this was the specialty of the house: providing victims for men and for women whose natural instincts had been thwarted and made vicious. I could not understand what the girl was saying. But Wong told me that she was not refusing the demands of the man. She simply wanted more than he offered and was objecting, under the instructions of the brothel-keeper, who used this method to bolster her prices. In the end the man stepped forward and ended the discussion with a word of agreement. The girl led him into a small chamber. Wong stepped forward. He waited until a sharp cry sounded in the chamber and then he led me on to the door which was covered only with a drapery. He pushed it slightly to one side and beckoned to me. I gazed and turned away. It was a form of sadism that I saw occurring, brutal to the eye and to the mind.

The social significance of Macao, insofar as the traffic in prostitutes is concerned, lies in the fact that here, in this city, the systems of the East and the systems of the West, that is to say, Portugal, exist side by side and may be compared. Also, for the first time in this account of prostitution, we approach what is known as the licensed house in Europe

and American countries. True, the Yoshiwara and the Chinese systems have an aspect of licensing, but that formality of registration is more directly concerned with the contract for the sale of the body than with the personality itself.

I suppose that it is generally accepted by sociological students that recognizing and licensing brothels is the best answer that a government can give to the question: How shall sexual intercourse be made available cheaply and safely to the male population?

The government of Portugal has made some attempt to solve the problem. The attempt can hardly be called a sincere or a successful one. And what is true of Portugal is also true of Macao.

The history of the legislation begins in 1900 when laws were laid down providing for the registration of licensed prostitutes. However, there was no law made against the procurement of women and the flourishing traffic in children was not at all impeded by the action of the government. One article did refer to persons who incite, promote or facilitate the corruption of children, but it was a law that had no strength in it and did not, by any means, include all those who are in the business of procuring women. Then, as now, there were no laws barring a woman over the age of twenty-one from becoming a prostitute. These few measures were all that existed in Portugal at the time

of the International Convention of May 4, 1910, which Portugal at once signed.

In article three of this convention, the high contracting parties bound themselves to take the necessary steps in their respective countries to give full application to the convention. In Portugal and in Macao, where the law was as much needed as in any other centers of vice in the world, the convention did not receive the support of new laws and enforcement. There is without question in Portugal a complete lack of interest in the attempt to abate the traffic in women and children or to pass laws that make prostitution or procurement a punishable offense.

In Macao I found that the registration of these professionals had become obligatory. That is, they were compelled to enter their names on the police registers when, after repeated warnings, they were again found plying their trade. In the event that a girl is actually forced by economic circumstances to live by prostitution and later obtains a situation which enables her to earn a living, she may have her name removed from the register when she submits proof that her future conduct will be respectable.

The police of Macao adopted, in 1925, a set of laws which were regarded as being especially severe. They would have been severe, indeed, had there been any inclination to scurry about with both eyes open and see that the law was carried out. As usual, however, the police scurried about with their

eyes shut and their capacious pockets open for whatever little gifts, no matter how tainted, might fall therein.

I give here some of the provisions of the laws that were designed to protect very young girls against the rapacity of their parents or the subtle devices of the manicured, jeweled hands of procurers that are always reaching into that land for the lively, bright-eyed children who give signs that they may be beautiful.

One paragraph of the decree states that minors, that is to say those under the age of sixteen years, may not frequent licensed houses, or *Maisons de Passe*, or houses where prohibited gambling is carried on, or clubs, taverns, or hotels. They are also barred from the cinema where the entertainment may harm their moral well-being and the same law applies to the theater.

The Portuguese lawmakers, in sending the statutes to Macao, revealed legalistic quirks that are a bit difficult to fathom. One of the paragraphs, for instance, states that a certain type of young girl, a minor, may be deemed morally corrupt if she for any valid reason frequents or resides in a licensed house of prostitution. I have pondered on the word "valid" and it, somehow, amused me. I suppose that the lawmakers meant to say that if the young person resides in such a house for the fun of it she is all right, but that if the reason for residence is that she wishes to become a professional then the reason is valid and she is corrupt.

The same judgment of moral corruptness falls upon any girl who attends pornographic entertainments or goes to houses where scenes are enacted which are likely to arouse evil instincts.

In reverse action, the laws provided a prison sentence of not more than six months for any licensed prostitute or madame of a house who allows any minors of either sex to visit such houses.

The civil governor of the district of Lisbon has in his possession certain letters from the Macao officials which admit that these laws are not enforced and cannot be enforced. The less scrupulous authorities are able to aid and abet the procurers in the prostitution and corruption of girls under the age of twenty-one by the simple method of registering them as prostitutes and giving false ages. The law also provides that any person who has already plied the trade is entitled to be registered as such upon application. Procurers secretly facilitate the prostitution of young girls in the larger towns and in the provinces, through accomplices. Only after the girl has been seduced and has been forced to sell herself for a long time, thus indelibly branding herself with the marks of the trade, is she brought forward by her master and registered with the police. You may be sure that she has, by that time, been thoroughly trained in the art of keeping her mouth shut.

All this writing of laws and their subsequent flouting by

the police is significant only because it shows some consideration for the force of public opinion. The consideration is slight, but the fact of its presence must be a source of satisfaction and meaning to those persons who are interested in the freedom of women from the thralldom of lust.

As a matter of fact, the number of houses in Portugal and in Macao, where prostitution secretly flourishes, is astonishing. The only punishment for the keepers of unregistered houses is a small fine and this cannot be inflicted except when the police can offer evidence that an inmate of the house has been in flagrante delicto. This is a difficult matter to accomplish, for, as in England where the homes are castles, so in Macao it is not easy for the police to run into a house and make their arrests. Even if they wanted to do so the houses of prostitution are private houses always and the police cannot enter them without certain legal formalities. It is interesting to note here, as in the Western world, that real estate can be much more easily protected than the virtue of children.

Another evasion of the law, or, more exactly, a blind to defeat the law, is the club or society formed ostensibly for the purpose of innocent amusement. These are a fertile field for the men and women who seek young girls for the traffic.

It will be important to point out at this moment that it is generally recognized, among the procurers, that Portugal is the easiest country in the world in which to operate

houses with fourteen-year-old girls. One madame, manager of a large Macao brothel, who was known in the League of Nations' report as 31-M, made the statement to a League investigator: "Portugal and Macao are the only places where a girl of fourteen can get into a house." She meant that they were the only countries of the West, of course. As a matter of fact, I once visited a resort where all of the twenty girls were between twelve and fourteen. The Macao man who took me to that house said that the house had for years succeeded in maintaining a full supply of twelve-year-old girls and that they were moved on to other houses on their fourteenth birthday without fail.

At the suggestion of the Macao man, and in his company, I went to a house which at great expense had established a reputation for having only very young girls. A notorious incident had taken place there two days after my arrival in the city.

At about three o'clock of a Sunday morning a priest, who was on his way to the bedside of a dying man, was hailed by a young girl as he went by a house of ill fame. She ran out, with hardly a stitch covering her young body, and asked his blessing. In his astonishment at her appearance—for she was a youthful beauty of the conventional Portuguese type—he murmured some words over her. As he was about to ask her the meaning of her strange request, she turned and fled into the house from which she had run.

The priest, noting that there were signs of merriment within the house, went on. He said afterward that he was determined to look further into the matter when he had done his duty by the dying man.

However, upon his return to the house he found a crowd of policemen there and, stretched out upon the street, were the naked bodies of the young girl who had greeted him and a giant Negro. From the frightened inmates, who had been carrying on their trade while the tragedy of their companion was being enacted, the police learned that the Negro, who was a sailor of sorts, had been introduced to the house five days earlier and that he had, for two days, refrained from hiring any of the children. On the third day, however, having come to some conclusion in the matter of choice among the twenty, he made his arrangements with the manager of the brothel and paid a good sum for the young creature that had taken his eye. For two days, the young prostitutes testified, there came no sign from the chamber in which the child had been thrust with the Negro. Food and drink, the latter in increasing quantities, had been sent in to them and the Negro paid.

On the Sunday morning when the girl at last made her escape, her sortie was only an impulse, caused, no doubt, by the sight of the padre as he went along in the moonlight. She rushed out to him, took his blessing, but in her heart she had taken her farewell. Whether the crime took



place before she met the padre or later was not known. But she had found an enormous knife that belonged to the Negro, and with this she had slain him. She had first thrust it into his heart and had then mutilated him savagely. Not contented with this, she had then so slashed his throat that his head was almost severed. In the end she killed herself and plunged the knife with much strength and precision into a heart that had been beating only twelve short years.

You may be sure that a veil was slung over this tragedy with all speed and skill. The business of the house was, of course, not disturbed. When we entered I was astonished at the strange company in the main room, which was apparently a common room, where the girls waited. They were all of a type: black-eyed, black-haired, white-skinned little Portuguese. They were dressed in the manner conventional to these places the world over: in spangles, if possible, or at least a bright, tight-fitting dress that revealed the maturing lines of their breasts and hips.

In one corner, I saw three playing some childish game with strings. There were eight altogether. Their stares were childish and, in some cases, so dull that I imagined—and correctly—that they were under the influence of a drug.

The other five kept apart. They sat on divans or lay outstretched on couches, staring at the ceiling or idly experimenting with make-up boxes. Now and then they looked

up and made other experiments with the slow, unlovely grimace of the street-walker.

I sat down and talked busily with my companion. I could see deep into the Portuguese soul from this vantage point in Macao, could I not? And I could understand then to what outrageous extremes this people could go in their excesses and I recalled the indignation of the poet here, Camões, of whom I have spoken, who became so horribly disgusted with the vile practices permitted by the Portuguese authorities during the great festivals of 1556 that he wrote a satire damning them.

At that hour of the evening most of the girls had already been engaged and, as I sat there smoking and watching, two men came in and nodded to two children sitting together in a corner. The children arose and followed the men out of the room. I then saw a woman, about twenty-five years old, enter and speak to the three girls who were playing. She scolded them quietly and bade them separate. They took their places around the walls and fixed on their countenances the inviting smiles that their madame had taught them.

The next visitor was also a woman. She was an European of some mixed blood, probably slavic. The madame entered the room as the woman came in—she may have been watching through a spy-hole all the time—and led the visitor into a chamber whose door opened on the main room. A mo-

ment later she came out and went among the girls, putting questions to them. She was apparently looking for a certain child the visitor had named. She left the room and returned with another girl, much the same as the others, who was taken into the presence of the visitor and remained there. I believe that the woman was a social service worker.

I will tell, at the end of this chapter, the story of the little girl whom we interviewed—for a very stiff price. A madame does not like, even in Macao, to have her charges speak freely, but I overcame her prejudices and then learned exactly how that child came to be tossed at such an early age to the ravening wolves.

At this point I wish to complete the account of the system of licensed prostitution. A prostitute in Macao is regarded as licensed when she is duly registered with the police. They are divided into two classes: those who live in licensed houses under the management of a madame and those who live in their own homes.

Once licensed, the woman is forbidden to live near churches, schools, and public parks. It is interesting to note that in Macao there is a school or church or a park in every block and that there is always a woman of easy virtue in the same block, and usually a good many to keep her company.

These women are forbidden to use medical inspection

books which belong to other women and they cannot absent themselves from their places of residence without informing the authorities. In the event that she wishes to move to another house, she must first gain the consent of the police. The ironic note that appears so often in the Portuguese laws is shown again in the statute that forbids the prostitutes from carrying on their trade if they are diseased. The state, however, makes no provision for funds to buy the woman her food and cocaine while she is being cured of her illness, nor is there any provision for her livelihood if she does not recover. It follows that the prostitute in Macao, as in all other cities of the world, is not anxious to confess that she has become infected.

In the registration of such women there are two types: voluntary registration and compulsory registration. The latter registration is authorized only by special order of the authorities who, upon learning that a person is practicing prostitution, may cause such registration to be made. The reason for this is obvious. The registered woman becomes part of the official system; she is a unit, so to speak, of the machinery of the law and, being under its supervision, can be easily watched and, more important, forced to pay. The necessary documents are prepared by the Governor and the proceedings are carried out as rapidly as possible. Of course, the law provides that the action may be halted by an appeal on the part of the woman concerned or an appeal from her

parents, guardian, or husband. The appeal is presented to the police. It is not accepted as conclusive evidence, however, and is forwarded to the Governor. His decision is entered in the Register of Prostitutes.

Once the name of the woman is entered in the official lists of those who sell their bodies for a living, she can have it removed only by one of four methods: first, if she marries; second, if she leaves the country; third, if she is claimed by one of her parents; fourth, expresses the wish to take up an honest means of livelihood and proves that she can do so. There are no statistics available in Macao as to the proportion of the hundreds of thousands whose names are in the files who have escaped by these methods. It is plain to see that the number must be small.

The only other method of gaining some measure of freedom is for the woman to gain a suspension of her registration. She may do this by leaving the country with the consent of the police or by becoming the kept mistress of a person of some economic status. When she has, for example, informed the police that a man has taken her for his private use, the circumstances of the man and his intentions toward the woman are investigated. Should these prove satisfactory, in that they indicate a degree of permanence for the new relationship, the police report to the Governor and the suspension of her registration takes place. She must manage to remain in the good graces of her protector for

a year. If, at the end of that period, the police find that she is still a kept woman then the suspension of the registration becomes a cancellation.

The suspension, and the ensuing cancellation, depend, of course, upon the man. He must first pay a fee of six dollars for the privilege of removing the lady to his home or to the place he has prepared for her. He must, as has been said, give complete evidence of his ability to support her. If, during the first year of their life together, he becomes displeased with her, he may so inform the police and the relationship comes to an end. Her registration is then restored and she is forced to take out a new license as a prostitute. This she secures from the police.

One other phase of the legislation covers the licensing of houses. There are three classes: houses in which the licensed prostitutes live together under the management of the proprietor; houses in which the inmates have their own domicile; and *maisons de passe*, which the women visit for the purpose of prostitution.

The owner of such a house must, in seeking a license, state how many inmates she intends to maintain and that number must not be exceeded. The house is subject to frequent inspection in order to control hygienic conditions. The sale of wine and spirits is prohibited in such houses. Other regulations provide that a person may not conduct more than one licensed house and that a married woman,

living with her husband, cannot conduct a house without the written consent of her husband.

It is idle to say that none of these laws is strictly enforced. It is reported there that now and then a political reason causes a short period of activity, but the ordinances were put on the books more for the looks of the thing than for anything else. .

The same may be said of the various laws concerning procuration. In them it is stated that should any one, to satisfy the lustful desires of a third party, incite, further, or facilitate the prostitution or corruption of any person descended from him, he shall be condemned to imprisonment from one to two years, shall pay a fine, and shall be deprived of his political rights for twelve years. A husband who commits the same offense against his wife is, according to the law, condemned to the maximum period of banishment and to the payment of a fine equivalent to the total amount of his income for a period from three months to a year. He is also deprived of his political rights for twelve years. You may be sure that he is not deprived of his conjugal rights, however, and it is equally certain that there are few husbands of Macao who are now languishing in foreign climes because they threw the bodies of their young wives over the slave counter. There are other laws, but it is wearisome to recite them. The jokers are written into them.

Why this was done, I cannot tell, since there never was any likelihood of enforcement.

To return to the account given to me by the child prostitute in the Macao house, the girl said that she and her younger sister lived together in the city of Lisbon. Their parents had died after spending their lives in the Valley of the Douro, where the father was a wine grower and well able to maintain his family. Upon the death of the parents, which occurred in the same spring, the two girls, taking with them the small fortune of escudos that had been left to them, went to the city of Lisbon. The younger was thirteen years old at the time. The narrator of the story was a year older.

A man of Lisbon, whom the father of the girls had befriended long before, found them a lodging and recommended the older girl for employment in a dressmaking establishment. She began to work.

It was her custom to leave the other child alone in their room during the working-day. At that time there lived in the lodging house two young men who, she told me, were fond of the little sister. The child was maturing rapidly.

One day the girl returned from her work at the dressmaker's and found that the inevitable had happened. Both the young men had come secretly from their work, entered the house, and seized the child when she was sewing in her



room. After having assaulted her, and smothered her cries for more than two hours, they fled, leaving the child in a grave condition.

The police caught one of the men and he was imprisoned for life.

I reproduce part of her conversation now from the notes I took at the time.

"Some change came over me after this," she said. "I do not know what it was. Sometimes I hated all men. Sometimes I felt terror and then, perhaps, the whole thing would seem like a dream and I would ask myself what it was. I wondered what had happened to her and I cursed myself for leaving her alone that time. I did not think I would ever enter this life. I did not know much about it. You can understand. We have not many schools in our country and besides we were not forced to go to school. I did not learn much, but I read a little. I was innocent.

"One day I went to drink coffee in a place near the shop. When I came to pay, I found that I did not have money. It was not necessary truly, that I should have money, for I went there often, but I thought I had lost my little purse. I searched for it under the table. Then a young man came to the table and said he would pay for my coffee. He smiled and gave the waiter the money. So the waiter smiled, too, and I think now that maybe he gave the waiter a gold piece.

"He was agreeable and I sat down to talk when he asked me. I liked his talk and his nice clothes. That evening he met me as I was going home and he walked along with me. He came into our room and there he met my little sister. He talked charmingly, said he was in the employ of the government and that he held a position in our colony, Macao. My sister and I looked up to him respectfully, for he was like a person from another world. -

"One day he took me aside and asked me to be his wife. He said that he had received a telegram ordering him to report to Macao at once and he showed me the paper. I agreed and he said we would be married at once, that it was all arranged. He brought me a veil and a flower for my hair and a gold ring. With him came a priest and witnesses for the marriage which was to be in my room.

"I learned later that it was not a priest, that they were all together in the business. All the papers were false. But at that time I did not suspect this at all. I loved him with all my heart. After the wedding, we all went to the home of one of his friends and celebrated with bottles of wine. Here he told me we should be on the ship that night and that my sister was to be with us; he took me into another room and locked the door.

"I learned later that if he had not taken me himself he would have gotten a higher price. Virgins are not plentiful in Macao.

"We three went to Oporto and set sail for Port Said, where my husband said we would transfer to a ship going to Macao, our colony. When we came into Port Said he came to me in great agitation with a telegram. This, he said, had been delivered to him on the dock. It was from the government and ordered him to return forthwith to Lisbon. He seemed to be greatly distressed and even swore he would give up his position. He then suggested that he would send us on to Macao and that he would join us later. He would telegraph to a friend of his, also in the government employ, and ask him to meet us.

"To this my sister and I agreed. I parted from him sorrowfully. After a hot and burdensome trip, we arrived in Macao and, to our relief, were welcomed on the dock by a charming couple, a man and his wife. They seemed happy to see us and showed us the telegram which had been sent to them concerning us. They took us to a house on the outskirts of the city and my sister was given a room for herself, somewhat removed from mine. I was surprised that her room was so far away from mine.

"We had been kindly treated so far, but three nights after our arrival, I was offered a cigarette after our evening meal. My sister also took one and we smoked. It gave us a drowsy feeling and we went early to bed. I could hardly take my clothes off before I fell into bed and never woke up. I was in a stupor. During the night I had a visitor whom I

did not see. I did not know of his existence until the next morning when I woke up. I was stricken with terror as I saw him there, holding me down with his arms. At that moment the host entered the room.

“He scolded the man and reproached me for my indiscretion. He said that if my husband heard of this he would drive me out. I did not realize that I had fallen into a trap. I did not know what to do. They left me alone. I went to my sister’s room. She had been attacked in the same manner, but the young man who did it had soothed her and had given her a large sum of money. It was soon taken from her and only a portion left for her.

“That night I determined to unlock the door and to go out with my sister. When I did so the host came and threw me down on the bed. Threatening my sister with death if she made an outcry, he raped me and beat me. He then turned on my sister and attacked her in the same manner. He returned some more of the money and told us that we must stay there and do his bidding.

“That night I learned what our fate was to be. I was forced to receive four men in my room. My sister, who was more attractive than I, was visited by the host and five of his customers.

“Two nights later, when I was alone with my sister, a man knocked at our door. He expressed a desire to have both my sister and myself as his mistresses and that he

would help us steal away. He said he knew of our fate and that he wished to help us because we were only children. I felt ashamed of my countrymen. I listened to his lies and both myself and my sister at last consented. Little did I know that he had paid our keepers 10,000 escudos for us. We stole away in the dark of night. How our betrayers must have laughed at us as they saw us go.

“When we arrived at his establishment, there were a dozen devils waiting for us. They did not let us alone all night. We made much gold. He then had us registered and licensed on the ground that we had willingly practiced prostitution and would not stop. We bought ourselves away from him. My sister is dead and I soon shall be, although sometimes when I have nothing to do I am a little happy.”

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## PORT SAID

### Women in Hell

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IN that springtime I crossed the world again and at Marseilles found a message that turned me back again into the hot East on a new business. I wanted to go to Paris, for the world isn't a bad place if a man can see Paris oftener than once in a blue moon. I had to steam away at the very moment that her fragrance had been wafted over the valleys to me.

I went away and when I had seen what I was to see, in those two cities of Port Said and Singapore (for in those routes my business took me), I stood and said to myself: Is the race dying?

I say the world is like an ignorant man struck by a cancer. He will not acknowledge even to himself that he harbors within his frame a slow death. There is a corruption in the East from which no people of the earth, however far removed, can escape. And yet the world, except for useless protests and a feeble committee of the League of Nations, turns from the evidence of its disaster and merrily calls it

the primrose path. If I report it in a way that makes some people sick and others angry, so much the better. It has been a secret. Let it be one no longer. Let the women of the West know of the women in hell. One may then learn, perhaps, whether there is a cure for an illness that must be medicated, one way or another.

Gray, dull hills to starboard; barren hills to port; and, at last, the Canal behind us and the sultry Red Sea, lying in a blue lacquered noon, before the lifting prow. The intense sun shines ceaselessly and the iron of the ship inhales the heat and puffs it out at us.

The night draws down when the vessel glides into Port Said. The ship's searchlights glare and tremble over the water, revealing the many steamships, silent men-of-war, pilot boats, and the busy quays. There are a thousand small lights twinkling. Cutters draw alongside, carrying doctors and the port officials.

The chains rattle and ladders are lowered. Shouting and gesticulating, the Levantines come aboard to make our miserable lives more miserable still. They are a pretty sight—the customs and postal men, banging about, in the red fez and the bright yellow boots that they love. Some sport big medals on their chests and pridefully touch their tremendous mustachios. They look like Oriental potentates of the comic opera. The commotion grows below decks. Down

there a swarm of traders, money-changers, and shady gentry are snarling and snapping.

Up here, sitting calm in the midst of disorder, I see the pimp, the souteneur, the procurer. He is bland, unmolested by the thoughts that you will presently have concerning him. He has no blood, you know. I cannot tell you what that stuff is which courses icily through his veins. Only it is not the stuff that men are made of. He now and then casts his reflective eye upon the deck. Counting profits, I dare say. Now he turns his eyes upward. Yes, right up to Heaven. And he nods in satisfaction.

The coal rafts come. Flaming pots of yellow fire, suspended in the air at the ends of iron rods, throw a harsh glare on the hills of fuel. A bizarre dream. All moves like a strange lava over the face of the water. The chorus of voices is redoubled and devils' shrieks and groans resound over the shouts on the quay. The cries are from men rising like demons from their resting-places on the hills of coal. There are men in filthy sack cloths, gunny bags, breech clouts, ragged shorts, and rags only. They roll back their eyes. They are the eyes of Arabs, Abyssinians, Levantines, Jews, Europeans, and all wrecked men who had a pair of hands to be hired for a pittance an hour. They stretch those hands towards the pots of fire to warm them. The hands gleam like bronze or like ivory or like ebony. The rushing flame of the fire pots flashes on them like a scene from a cinema. Clouds



of coal dust arise. The bending figures vanish and reappear, bend and rise. Sacks and baskets of coal are passed along. The Arabs raise a queer, old, singsong to gird themselves to the labor.

The bird of prey arose and bowed to me. I smiled genially and rose, too. He and I were friends of the voyage. I had been very nice to him. I knew he had a parcel or two hidden in the second-class. I mean to see them presently and hear what they have to say. That is why I give my fine, foul friend the time of day.

The movement is now toward the quay. I am going ashore. There, near the landing stairway, stands the English police agent, a young man, erect as a tree, wearing a pretty fez on which an emblem of Egypt shines. He keeps order among the myriad boats that are to convey us ashore.

He is the man of law, the arbiter. I like the manner in which he controls his screaming traffic. He picks out one boat and orders it to the ship's side. Others, bursting with wild impatience and jockeying like horses at the wire, he disperses with a forceful motion of the arm. With each gesture he swears briefly in fluent Arabic.

The rowers, in burnouses of color, help us into bobbing boats. They pull away. I look back. Eh? Is that the pretty ship I have sailed on? Chaos is over her. Her keen lights show her shame. The clouds from the coal rafts have ruined the maiden.

The bird of evil bows and leaves us. Do I see a twinkle in his eye as he falls off slinking to starboard? Yes. He is going to slip something over on the British Empire at this point and he enjoys it. The remaining man and I are joined by another. We chat as we stroll. Port Said rolls out to meet us, rolls out, hobbles out, dances out. The Orientals swarm: villainous Arabs in white gandourahs, red tarbouches; veiled Egyptian women; brown-skinned peddlers leading mules; here and there a pith helmet bobbing in the sea of cloth headpieces, cloth of Joseph's colors. Fellah women stroll by in black tunics. Clasps of copper and gold between the eyes hold their dark veils. Groups of dry-skinned men in robes sit under the sunshades of restaurants, playing games slowly, smoking from nargilehs.

There was a cart for hire. It was a comfortable vehicle, drawn by two little mules, which, strange to say, had apparently been fed from time to time. Because the mendicants and other unsavory fry were pressing us a little too closely, I engaged the cart and we climbed into it gravely. The guides, whose mouths were twisted in dirty grins, wanted to take us to unholy places. They were sharp-looking, wicked Levantines, with beady brown eyes—like famine-stricken mice—and thick noses, and they spoke all languages with painful precision. Haunts of dissipation paid them their hire.

Our cart rolled by the shop of Simon Artz, where others

of our companions had gone on errands. I waved to them from my seat and on we trundled. A policeman, in fez and on an Arabian mount, trotted by our side for a distance. He rode well. He had a good seat and an extremely beautiful horse. Beggars shot out at us and held up long, flat hands. Others sat, like biblical figures, under the porches of the dirty houses. They muttered. Insolent, rapacious women, dressed in black and veiled to the foreheads, walked in the unclean streets. I saw, in a glimpse into an alley, three men standing over the body of a woman. They were in conference.

The cart stopped at the Bar Supplice. A rascal approached as we alighted and offered us the first of his wares: obscene pictures. He asked us to buy, speaking in corrupt French. In somewhat better French I asked him if he thought we were schoolboys. Strange to say, his French improved remarkably and he said yes, that he did think we were schoolboys. Before I had time to rebuff this sally, he rapidly described the pleasures of watching the dance of the cancan by beautiful wenches who, he assured us, were far beyond redemption. I told him to go to hell. I wanted to have my drink. Ignoring my sally, he returned, attacking in a stubborn flank movement, and promised to escort us to a house where we could feast our eyes upon some genuine Egyptian houris, who performed all the tricks of the obscene trade, starting with the ancient dances of the antique Orient, pass-

ing through the line and history of Lesbia, and thence downward to acts that fell, in fact, out of the category of human actions. All this, mind you, was done by the girls of Port Said in order that they might, on rising of a cold morning, have a bit of fire, a bit of bread, and a little something to drink.

The salesman fell back into the night shadows and glaring lights; we entered the café. The noise was harsher and a roar of music sounded. Clamoring girls, dressed in satin trunks and transparent silken blouses, sat at tables in the large room. They sipped drinks and screamed like magpies. There was a score of men seated among them, hands moving about, drooping, red faces drawn in drunken smiles. A little fellow, whose head and face were apish, struck squally chords from a piano. On the bench with him sat a beautiful Levantine girl. Her hair was golden. A Negro servant, expressionless eyes fixed upon his tray, approached her and held drinks of whisky before her. She took one and drank it down. She held another to the wide lips of the ape and he bent his back, playing the while.

In the bar, taking our double whiskies, I saw a man that I knew. I had seen him in New York long ago. He knew me at once, smiled, and approached. He had been drinking with others of his class: well-dressed, foul-mouthed, perfumed, and perhaps a little painted. They were all procurers. More of the kind walked around proudly. Some

looked very much like the floor-walkers one sees in stores. They were of all ages and races. Yet the same emanation of evil came from all of these procurers of women and dealers in human flesh. I was watching them to observe their greetings as they met: the polite handclasp, the fond inquiries, the glances of the meaningful eyes, the comment upon business matters. How much did you pay for her? A nice pair of shafts? Obedient? A good worker? How much did you sell her for? Ha! Ha! And did she believe that old story? Ho! Ho! You're a clever one. I'll buy you a drink, eh? Champagne?

"What brings you here?" I said to X.

"What do you think? Women, of course."

"Women? From New York to Port Said? It is a long distance, Monsieur X."

"Yes, but it is the steamship that does the traveling. Not I.

"Yes," he continued, "something interesting is going on here. We had a message from this place to send a certain number of girls quickly. So, that's what I am doing—taking a few of them into the East. While I'm at it, I take a look around, see old friends in the business, and make some new ones.

"I have two nice parcels on board with me. They are traveling second class. You know, the risk is not so great that way. I got three girls at New York, one a professional

—a very big, young girl. Two were working girls—stenographers who had lost their jobs. They had been doing a little work for a friend of mine as a side-line. They were very nice, indeed. I took one of them myself for a couple of weeks. Not strictly in the line of business, you know, but I taught her a few things.”

“And you have them with you?”

“No. I did a good stroke of business with them for a Havana friend of mine. Almost doubled my money. So I sent a cable to our connections in Hamburg and London to have a few packages for me to look over when I arrived. I got two in Hamburg at a price that will make me a nice bit. In London I was not so fortunate. I picked one out, but I find she is rather old and, what is worse, she thinks she’s just about the best thing going.”

“Made trouble for you, eh? Too bad!”

“Jealousy. She didn’t like the Hamburgers. Too good-looking. Well, I blacked her eyes for her. So, not a bad voyage. The Hamburgers are dressmakers supposedly, going back East. I have some false passports. The English girl is a saleswoman for a French dressmaker. She is on her way to French Indo-China.”

“Very simple that.”

“Oh, yes. No trouble at all. I did have a bit of bad luck in London, however.”

“No! Too bad! I am so sorry for you, my friend!”

"They mixed things up there. Rather badly. When they got my message. Instead of getting a girl within the age limit, they picked up an 'underweight.' That is to say, a girl under age. You understand?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! An 'underweight'! Very unfortunate! How old? Fifteen? Oh, dear, too bad. How unlucky for you. What did you do about her?"

"She was a nice piece of baggage who had been in the profession for a year and was in great demand. I decided not to take any chances, however, and told my man to look around for another. So, one morning, he came to my hotel with a woman in tow. And what a bird he brought me this time! I've handled plenty of ugly ones in my time, but this one had them all beat. He thought she would do, however, because she had a smart pair of shafts, a nice shape, and was wise to all the tricks of the trade.

"I bought her a new outfit, tried having her beauty-parlored into shape. But that made her look even worse. She certainly was a sight. A bird of paradise in the rain."

"Well, better luck next time. You got rid of her?"

"Yes. And now I must be off. Au revoir."

"Good hunting!"

The atmosphere was now foul and we went out. The houses assumed a filthier appearance. They bore Greek names. On all sides, as we progressed under the flaring lights and pushed our way through the jabbering throngs,

I could see inquisitive faces gazing at us. I saw faces of young women looking at us from windows, and there were dwarfish and half-lame men standing and moving between the houses.

In one house a fight had started and a number of people tumbled out onto the street and then tumbled back in again. I saw the slim bodies of half-white girls in gaudy garments; brown and black women in worn evening frocks, revealing spaces of firm black flesh and voluptuous brown curves. In shrill voices, even as the quarrels wavered beneath their windows, they called their charms to our attention, lifting up their dresses to show their long legs, pointing to their breasts and crying out the formula of wickedness. There were scores of them, hundreds of them, crying in strong and in weak voices from every door and every grimy window, displaying seductive bodies in the eerie lights of the dim, howling street.

"If your stomach is strong," said one of the men, an Englishman of colonial experience, "turn in here."

It was a large and a spacious room. It seemed much like the hold of an emigrant ship. It was sparsely illuminated; the lights of its few lamps fought in a thick atmosphere, the air was as from a tomb. The shapes of a few girls, a Negro man, and other men, moved in the dusk of the corners. We stepped up to the bar and the Negro souteneur signaled the wenches to the attack.



Whisky was passed out quickly. I looked the doves over. Of only one in the lot of eight or nine could it be said that she was worth the candle. She had something in her walk that was free. She set her feet firmly on the floor as she stepped toward us. She was blonde and of medium height. Her cheeks were less hollow than those of her fellow workers. And she was young! Youth in that place was somewhat like a mayflower in a dank wood.

I sat down at a table and called her to me. She sat down and drank. I gave her some money and asked her to tell me who she was and how she came into this house. I warned her to speak the truth because I could tell when she was lying. I told her I was curious about her; she was so pretty.

She put the money into her stocking. No doubt, the Negro would take it out of there as soon as we had gone.

She spoke in a voice that was not pleasant to hear. It had a harsh note in it, almost a rasp.

"I am English. I lived in Hull with my mother. My father was a sailor and was killed. I was only fourteen years old when I fell in love with a boy who was three years older. I loved him a great deal, more than I ever will love anybody again. We could not get married for a long time." It is actually true that she cried at this point.

"He begged me so hard every night outside our house," she continued, "that I finally gave way. He was quite gentle

with me at first, but he became stronger and fiercer and was violent. I loved him more than I can tell. I was mad for him. I could not get enough of him nor he of me.

"I soon became pregnant. He was a good boy and he decided that we should go to London, where he could get a job. He did this and I went with him. We got married. He was afraid we could not support the child and I was pretty nervous about this, too. He said that I should go to a crooked doctor. I wanted to do what he wanted, but I did not like the idea of going to the doctor. He finally persuaded me to and I went to the doctor. I then had a miscarriage.

"I was sick for a long time after that. He lost his job and at last he left me flat with a note telling me to go home to my mother. I could not go back to Hull. My mother would have killed me. I got a job in a tea shop. I could not keep it because I became sick. I went to a free hospital and they operated on me. When it was over, I was told I could not have any children. As I had no fear of pregnancy and because I liked the life, I took up this business."

"How did you begin?" I asked.

"The manager of the tea shop," she said, "was after me when I was working there. One day, after I got out of the hospital, I went down there when the place was closing up. I asked him for my job back. He went after me there in his office and I made him take five pounds out of the till.

Then I went to his place that night and gave him a good time. I met some friends of his and got started nicely. I began taking dope for the fun of it and a pimp finally got his hands on me. He shipped me out here and that's all there is to it."

She left out only one important fact of her story and that was that she had syphilis in a primary stage and would be, in that hellish hole, soon beyond rescue.

My companions came over to me with a tall, slim girl, a Jewess with bright, expressive eyes, who had made a proposal to them. She repeated it again and bade them explain it to me. She said she wished to put on a "show" for us, a thing, she assured us, that had made the fame of the house.

"It is our work, really," she said in sober fashion.

"It costs five piasters apiece," said the Englishman. "Let's see it."

We entered a sparsely appointed room, with thin carpets on the floor and low divans against the walls. On the walls were sundry aphrodisiac abominations. The Jewess and another girl came with us. The Negro brought us drinks. The girls disrobed. It did not take long, for in their profession they cannot waste time dressing and undressing.

Without further preliminaries, they then began a performance which was too devilish to watch, not to mention putting into black and white.

The Negro cavorted around with his whisky. He placed

vice and the dignity of the race on the same plane, in the same awful comedy, and took his profit from it. The unhappy straining creatures, moving in that harsh light, writhed like demons and their stark, pale, grinning faces were like masks of hell.

I went back to the cart and thence slowly to the quay again. It was a sobering and dreadful night. Here, in one vile room in one vile moment, I had seen what our so-called civilization feared and rejected and had deposited here, out of sight of the West.

In two days the vessel's anchor dropped at Djibouti on the eastern coast of Africa. I was rowed to the sun-parched land. The sea lay flat and still beneath the heat.

In another boat manned by swarthy Somalis, rowing not far from mine, sat the bird of prey and his catches. There were two girls, sitting side by side in the little boat. They looked forward to Africa without emotion. One, I could see, was a flaxen-haired woman. A German, I supposed. The other was somewhat older and handsome. She may have been, I should say, twenty-three years old.

He saw me, and I, exchanging glances, raised my hat. He bowed politely and doffed. The ladies, seeing the politenesses between us, looked at me with interest. I raised my hat again and bowed. They lowered their eyes in dignified salutation. I noted his quiet smile.

The Somali who was rowing my boat ran his big lips back off his handsome tusks and spoke slowly in grand, sonorous accents. I nodded gravely and said that it was a lovely day and wasn't the sea flat. Behind me came two of my friends. They had not seen Djibouti before (as I had for my sins) and they were finding the ship boring.

There was little enough to entertain them here. A pier and several houses built of limestone; a town full of stinking camels and groups of Negroes; Oriental peddlers and a host of Abraham's offsprings clad in flowing garments and bearing flowing beards before them as they went about their businesses. I walked into a native market where the black women were squatting on mats, selling Harrar and Mocha coffees, basking in the terrific sun and casting furtive glances at me and my fellows.

I sighted, ahead of me in the bazaar, the pimp and his slaves. I excused myself to my companions and, in a smart rear action, came down on the perfumed bird. He presented me to his prey. The Fräulein flattered me kindly with her big German eyes. The miss was not so enthusiastic. I took Fräulein in tow. She was being highly amused by the Abyssinian. She walked prettily along in her neat white linen dress, treading daintily with her small, neat feet.

I nodded to her master in an expressive way as we approached the Government House and he graciously con-

sented to my wishes. I then led Fräulein into a little café at that point and proposed that we drink together. To this she willingly agreed, no doubt assuming (and wrongly) that even in this bleak aridness, which was spoiling her pretty looks with the savagery of heat and windlessness, she might do a little business.

In that dim arbor, where we sat down, there were fat Levantines, dirty Arabs, some black men, and others, puffing at cigarettes and at glass-bowled pipes.

I looked at her closely and smiled in a reassuring manner. I believe that she was ready to hear a proposal that we flee into the interior and set up a kingdom among the blacks. I then saw that her hair had been dyed to the color of flax and that it was attractive. Her mouth was well-formed and shaped for kissing. I had already fallen quite in love with her because of her voice which was so sweet and German. I could manage to shut my eyes to the fact of her profession when I was listening to her.

Perhaps when you read the story that she told me, in answer to my usual request that she tell me what social or economic or other conditions made her a prostitute, you will protest that it sounds too much like any old tale of a wronged girl in a verse or the comic opera. Yes, but the things you laugh at so often are true and you laugh at them because you know they are true. You laugh that you may not weep. Or that you may not be burdened with the sense

of shame that such things could exist without your knowledge and without giving you an opportunity to do something about it. So, the Fräulein. The Fräulein in Africa on the way to market and on the way to hell. So far has she been drawn by the magnet of men's lust.

First, I gave her some money. I then went through the usual formula saying that I trusted her to tell the truth, that she had nothing to fear from it.

"It came about like this," she said. "I lived in a small town near Hamburg. When I was about thirteen years old, my mother took me away from school because I had outgrown all the other girls and looked like a young woman. I had matured rapidly. My breasts were more than normal size. I was not sorry to leave school because I could not do the work required of me as well as my companions.

"Our house was surrounded by a garden. In front of it was a park with pastures, where the cavalry put their horses to graze and exercised them. I used to watch them as they rode. There was a soldier there, a young and handsome man, whom I watched a great deal. He rode up and down on the lively horses and I waited every day for him to appear.

"One day as he went trotting by he saluted me and I felt very strange when I knew that he was aware of my presence at the gate. On another day he rode closer and called out some words. I did not understand him, but I waved my

hand. He galloped nearer and said he was coming over to see me the next day. 'You are a pretty little thing,' he cried. These were the first words he ever said to me and I can never forget them.

"I was pleased that he paid so much attention to me for I was so young. I did not tell my mother. He came the next evening and began to talk with me. He saw that I blushed because I did not know what to say to a young man. 'Let me give you a kiss,' he said. As that was exactly what I wanted him to do, I said nothing when he moved nearer. He led me to a darker place and there kissed me. It was a strange new experience to me. I didn't know myself, but he did, however, and it didn't take him long to find out that he had stumbled on something fresh and good. He told me to be at that place at night, that he would be back as soon as he had put up his horses.

"I was waiting for him when he came. He was more ardent than ever. He kissed me on the cheeks, on my lips and on my hair. He talked to me in the most exciting way. He suddenly flung me down on the grass and began imploring me to give way to him. He needn't have wasted his time. I didn't know where I was by the time he got through with me. I could hardly move. It seemed to me that I had been waiting for him all my life.

"He stole away. I was ill the next day and my mother soon got the story out of me. The soldier was arrested and



sent to prison by the army. I ran away from home soon afterward. I stole some money from my mother, though it was mine by rights.

"I lived with a girl I knew in Hamburg for a while. I had an adventure with a man in her apartment. He gave a good deal of money to me. I tried this with another man a little later and I went on from one to another. It didn't work out, however. Soon my clothes were worn out and I was shabby. One day I was sitting outside the Café Münster. A good-looking man, fashionably dressed, passed by. He looked at me and stopped to talk. He took me along with him and bought me a good meal. I was hungry all right.

"The next day he took me to a doctor. I did not object. I was pleased to have some one look after me. I had been so terribly lonesome. The doctor treated me and cured me. The man bought me dresses, shoes and food and I was grateful to him.

"After a while I was well again and he put me in a small apartment and sent men to me. I worked hard for him and often sold myself ten times a day, dividing all my earnings with him.

"About two months ago he told me that he had made enough money. I knew he had several other women working for him. He said that he wanted to go straight and live another life. What he did not tell me was that he had received a cable message from America to procure two young

German girls. I learned that later. I was frightfully upset when he told me we must part. The thought of losing him almost terrified me. I had grown so used to the way we did things in the business between us that I was afraid of a change. He sold me to the pimp with whom I am now traveling. I was supposed to go to America, but he found someone else for that job. I am bound for the Orient and will stay there as long as I am able to work."

She had made this long recital in a subdued voice, broken only by a long breath now and then or when she sipped her café noir. I asked her how she managed to get through the customs and immigration barriers of all these countries.

"The pimp has agents everywhere," she said. "I went to Genoa with him and he never had any trouble in producing plenty of passports of all descriptions. We went on board a ship at Genoa and there the English girl was handed over to him by an Englishman. There never was any trouble. There will be none. Everything is done quietly."

I walked back to the ship with her. Or, rather, to the black Somali who rowed us out in the cool of the evening. I bade her good night and she vanished. I lay awake long that night in the stuffy cabin, thinking of the Fräulein. I came to the conclusion that she was down below there, sailing comfortably to her doom, simply because she wanted to do it. I then fell asleep.

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## SINGAPORE

### The Opium House of Toep Sing

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**A**T last I had come to Singapore, the cross-roads of the East, at the tip of the Malay Peninsula. The ship ran up to the harbor crowded with craft, from the crude dug-out and sampan to the handsome coastal or ocean liner, between rows of wooded islands, set like emeralds in the burnished surface of the sea. It was in the afternoon. Black clouds lay over the palm trees which quivered in the hot air, and the smoke of great liners, steaming toward the rim of the world, faded into the gloom of the upper sky. As we slowly advanced, a peal of thunder gave us a royal salute.

The storm broke and ran off. Singapore rose clearly before us. I looked again on its long blocks of commercial houses, its miles of docks and the maze of masts and funnels. It's a hell-hole, but the English get plenty of money out of it. Its history is a sad one, but the Old Lady-of-Threadneedle Street gets her dividends and there is nothing more desirable than that.

Our ship docked. Laborers of every race and color

swarmed over the ship like so many scurrying ants. I saw Chinamen whose skins had been burnished to gold by the tropical sun; and I saw Klings, a dark people from Southern India, straight as pines with long hair on their chests and limbs and black coils of it on their heads. There were Malays, too, from the Dutch East Indies, proudly performing menial duties, and seeming faintly sad at their absence from their home kampongs. And there were Arabs in their robes, men with proud, fierce eyes. Not so kingly when they were struggling with a bale of hemp, however.

I had taken a post where I could watch the conflict of the procurer and his two girls with the port authorities. I was curious to see how he and his human cargo would manage to get ashore. He had informed me that he would disembark here and board another vessel for French Indo-China. The baggage, he said, would be unloaded with him (he meant the girls) and it was this unloading that I thought might cause some complications.

He had also told me that most of the girls who are taken into the East do not travel in this fashion. The majority are smuggled. They travel in holds of vessels, on freighters, and in cruder craft. Some women, however, must be given comfortable traveling conditions or they will not go.

I moved with the other passengers into the large bar room of the ship, where the port authorities, sitting like stern-faced judges at a Tribunal, were going to look us

over. I passed the inspection quickly and withdrew to a corner where I could watch the procurer and the women.

He came first. He easily established the fact that he was a thoroughly respectable business man. His passport was all that it should have been—except for the untruths in it.

The Fräulein came next. An official scrutinized her passport. She seemed somewhat pale, I thought. The procurer thought so, too. He gazed anxiously through a window near by. The official questioned her. She gave him a little curtsy and prattled off her fable, smiling prettily as she talked. The gates of Singapore were opened to her. There was no effort to test the accuracy of her statements, despite the fact that there has been so much outcry in certain quarters, like the League of Nations, against the ease with which immigration officials permit themselves to be deceived by procurers.

The English girl came along presently and she, too, passed the examination.

I watched them go. Only he looked back and lifted his hat in farewell. Already the word had been passed out, there in Singapore, that some fresh material had come to So-and-So's place. The Fräulein and the miss would begin earning again soon. They would have to work hard and fast, too. Already the heat of the Orient had dug into them and soon enough the lust of the Orient and its filth would wear out their defenses against corruption and death.

I went in a ricksha through Singapore's fine and busy streets. I passed slowly through the throng, wherein all the races of the world mingled. I saw the swagger Malay, the founders of the city six hundred years ago, now treading its ancient thoroughfares in velvet caps and red gowns. I saw Mahometans in red fezzes and long robes, tall Sikhs in turbans of black, yellow and red, and Persians, white-capped, and Parsees clad like priests. There were also the Tamils, spitting betel-juice as they walked, and the Britishers in Fedora hats and pith helmets, and Malay-Polynesian women, large-eyed beauties wearing loud and bright batiked dresses.

I was whirled past stately buildings to the Raffles Hotel, the hostelry named after the eminent Sir Stamford Raffles, who gained the cession of Singapore to Great Britain by Jahore. At night I lounged upon the veranda, drinking lemon squash and watching the sky above and the stream of people below. I listened languidly to the babel of voices, the strange rhythm of the wooden clogs on the hard streets, and the hoots of steamship signals. Suddenly in the sky there burst a ring of fire. It was the beginning of the fireworks, an entertainment that the natives of the city delight in. The throng grew thicker as the crowds hurried to the scene.

The procurer walked down the veranda. He was looking for me, his head turning gravely this way and that. I hailed him.

"Your young friends," I said, "already at work, I suppose."

"Oh, no," he said, almost in horror, "they are much too fatigued by their journey and the heat. No, they are watching the fireworks from the house in which they are to live for a while. They will rest for two days. Then they will go to work."

"That is very considerate of you," I said.

"Yes," he answered. "Women are not like cattle, to be driven until they lose their strength and good spirits." He smiled in a new fashion then and went on: "Would you like to spend a novel evening?"

"I don't mind if I do. That is, if it—the novelty, I mean—does not require my getting into bed with any of your assistants. Where shall we go?"

He laughed gently at the notion of my doing such a thing. He showed his teeth in a genial manner. It is interesting to note—as I did later in my jottings about Singapore—that this fellow, although he was low enough in the scale of human intelligence, had, nevertheless, something charming about him. I believe it was his excessive callousness. It is human nature to be charmed by extremes of human emotion or sinfulness. It is fascinating sometimes. I could almost have liked this perfumed monkey—if I hadn't liked the picture of the *Fräulein* so much, that picture of her in her mother's garden.

"Where shall we go?" I said.

"I knew you would be here," he said, looking around absently or as if he had felt lonely, and ignoring my question. I wondered if he felt a veil between him and the veranda and its people, as if he were not standing there at all, but only in a dream. He shook his head in the first confusion that I had ever seen appear on his face.

"I was on my way," he said, "to one of Singapore's opium divans. It occurred to me that perhaps you would join me. I like to smoke a pipe when I can do so freely. It changes things completely for a while, you know."

It was a real Oriental night. The crescent moon, hanging low, emerged from its place of hiding behind tiny bunches of very white clouds. Tops of trees, plumed like giant feathers in front of the cricket club, swung softly in the faint evening breeze. The enchanting tropic night was propitious for adventure.

We walked out from the hotel and passed rapidly toward a district of the city where the noise dwindled to silence and the houses became drab and the streets dreary. The darkness was starred with fireflies.

The lanes were fitfully illuminated by flaring gas jets and street lanterns that threw out a pale green light. The narrow roads were paved with slippery cobblestones and dotted with gleaming puddles and mud-holes. I saw obscure walls and



openings stuffed with dirty boards and filthy masses of rags, through which streaks of yellow light poured.

There is one scene, a vignette, of this walk that I made note of later. In the bright oblong of the entrance to a gin palace, I beheld an elderly woman of mixed blood, Chinese and Malay. She was staring into the bar room. In that room I saw a man in shirt sleeves, bending motionless over his counter, holding his head close to the mouth of a big man, a tawny-colored man, who was whispering to him. Two other men, who seemed to be gazing furtively at some other thing or person in the room, leaned against a wooden partition. In his hand each held a half-filled ale bottle. All of this was a flash in the darkness as we strode by. Again my eyes struck the monotony of the dejected façades, broken by niches in which figures were sometimes crouched. There reigned over all a deep, unnatural silence in this quarter.

He stopped near a doorway where the flame of a small, red lantern, throwing its dim glow above the doorway, was wavering in the gusts of the night wind. This was the house of Toep Sing.

I followed him into an unlovely mansion. Its counterpart can be found in every port of the Orient. There was an opium kit on the ground floor and in the basement a gambling den, where stevedores, deckhands, and thieves meet to gamble their pitiful takings. From the rooms above

came the tune of a rickety piano. Up there the sailormen befuddled themselves with cheap fizz and fondled women of every race and country.

I touched my guide's elbow as we entered and he, sensitive as ever, understood my hesitation and paused. He smiled assuringly at me in the gloom.

The rain that had been lowering came then; its rattle sounded harsh upon the roof; the water trickled at the doorway and gurgled in the road. The wind that howled outside was sweeping in on the shoulders of a typhoon raging from the China Sea. The monsoon had begun. Without this accompaniment the place and the misery in the faces around me were eerie enough. I followed across a square, low room, in which the smoke of opium hung and clutched at the throat. I saw three rows of bunks flanking either side of the room, which was dimly lit by the faint rays of a petroleum pit which leaped and played, throwing dancing shadows on the ceiling and the murky walls. An unfamiliar odor rose in the scent of the opium and the fumes of the drug, turning slowly in horizontal banks of smoke. I saw the red glow of the pipes as languid lips drew in the smoke, fading to ashes as the stem was taken from the drooping mouth.

My companion, the bird of evil passage, seemed quite at his ease. He conversed jovially with men who chopped out pidgin English in reply. A servant, who wore, much to my

interest, a long pigtail, passed up and down the rows of bunks.

"I wish I had never come here," I said to myself.

The procurer nodded to me and lifted himself into an upper bunk. I reluctantly crawled into a lower one and lay upon the Oriental mat. I saw a pipe brought to him, but I could not take the drug. I was afraid of the horrible nausea that sometimes follows opium smoking by the Westerner. I told the servant to bring me a drink. He gave me a brown, spicy wine in which some laudanum and other drugs had been skillfully mixed. I drank.

I looked around me. Opposite my resting-place a tawny Lascar was pulling slowly at his pipe and in the bunk below his, where a curtain was thrust aside, I saw a white woman, naked, leaning on her elbows, gazing with a far-away, half-mad stare straight into the partition of the bunk, at the end of her nose. And with her, squatted by her side, was a half-caste, who dreamily fondled her with his one hand, while with the other he held his opium pipe to his drooping mouth.

I turned from that sight and looked upon an elderly Celestial, lying on his back, and in a deep sleep, clutching his bamboo pipe between his thin, powerless fingers. The glow of the petroleum pit sprayed its faint light upon his ivory scalp. His half-open eyes, seized by the drug, shone moist in the shadows of his cadaverous face.

Thinking of the strange deeds that had been done and would be done in that place, I lay motionless until the drugs stole upon my brain and I became conscious of a new state of mind, such as I had never known. I swung into an enormous space and far away, although I still seemed to know that I was not removed from where I had been. The shrill shouts of the fan-tan players and the laughter of the prostitutes in the upper rooms still entered my consciousness. I did not for a moment forget the mystery and the danger of the place that I had entered. Soon I became more detached from these worldly things, lifted into a quieter sphere where I strayed far from all that I had known, and felt a new and strange joy. There came quickly a change; a longing for something I could not name came over me, followed by intimations of evil, by unrest and fear of unholy, awful things. The shabby and sinful surroundings forced themselves into my mind again and then, as rapidly, the drug swept over me once more and I seemed again to be lying in clouds, enshrouded by a ghostly substance. It was dawn before I at last became unconscious and slept.

In the afternoon I awoke and rose. A servant came forward and led me out of the house. I looked about and saw, emerging from the dives along the streets, the human derelicts with sallow skin, haggard faces, and wasted bodies, users of opium, leaving the drug until it called them back. I walked weakly forward until I could hail a ricksha. I

wanted a drink badly. And I was hungry for food and the fresh air of the other end of Singapore.

I certainly did not want to repeat my experience but the night had wakened my interest in the knowledge I had gained of opium and other drugs during my years in the East. It is worth recalling, perhaps, though its effects on drug addicts has been described often enough. The use of opium, once an exotic Oriental vice, originating in the ancient past of that vague, mysterious world east of Suez, crept regrettably, although slowly and altogether disreputably out into the slums of the Western world and then spread beyond the criminal dregs into other classes of society.

Now it is no longer the old, prepared opium that imperils the people of East and West. We are faced now with a vastly more menacing form of addiction—that of the high-tension, manufactured drugs, such as morphia, heroin and other derivatives of opium and cocaine.

Narcotic addictions are no new thing in the world. When we search the dimmest recesses of antiquity, we find that the poppy as the source of opium, as well as the coca leaf, the divine plant of the Incas of Peru and Indians of the Cordilleras of South American Andes, had been known as early as any form of vice.

Cocaine, not derived, as many people believe, from the poppy plant, but from the leaves of the coca shrub, is used,

and sold, more or less surreptitiously for its narcotic effect, in all parts of the world.

From the leaves of an Indian hemp, known by the name of Bhang, hashish, or chiras, a concoction is derived that is sometimes confused with opium. Unlike cocaine or opium, hashish is said to be non-habit forming, though its immediate effects are somewhat the same. In some parts of the Near East it is mixed with a confection, and partaking of a portion as large as a walnut is said to deprive a man of all reason and intellect.

Many writers on Oriental topics dwell on the slow destruction of morals, manners and men, which is gradually being effected throughout China, India and the Straits, by that terrible agent, opium. Harrowing pictures are drawn of once well-to-do and contented districts which have been reduced to misery, disease and poverty, through indulgence in this fatal drug.

It has been said, that once a man is addicted to the use of opium he cannot leave the drug alone. This, however, is a fallacy, as I have seen proved to the nth degree. There is a point to which a smoker may go with impunity, but beyond that he becomes a lost man insofar as he is unable to give up the practice. And while many a smoker, whether Chinaman or Indian, has cultivated the "yin," meaning that he has gradually increased his dose of opium until he has established a craving for the drug, there are hundreds of thou-

sands in Singapore, the Straits, China and elsewhere who stop short of the "yin" and who can control their longing for it.

The importance of the demoralizing effect of this drug must not be underestimated, as opium blunts the moral feelings of those who indulge in it. If, for instance, one of my servants had cultivated the "yin," I would no longer trust him. His wages would be totally insufficient to supply him with the drug, and he would have to try other and dishonest means to satisfy his craving.

The effect of opium on the human system depends very greatly on the quantity and frequency of its use, as well as on the age, temperament and habit of the user. Its most common effect is to incite the intellect, stimulate the imagination and exalt the feelings, bringing the user into a state of great mental activity and buoyancy.

The use of opium in Singapore and, as a matter of fact, in almost every city of the Orient and Far East has become so universal that the laws which render it penal and the proclamations which send forth their daily fulminations against its continuance, have not the slightest effect in checking the prevalence of so general a habit.

Divans for smoking, therefore, abound in Singapore, and the inhabitants of every class who can afford the price of a pipe are seldom without what used to be luxury. It has become a need that has seized upon all ranks and classes.

Many streets in this city of vice are wholly devoted to the smoking of opium. In the serene evenings, one can see the wrecks of humanity giving themselves over to the habit, trying to satisfy their depraved appetites.

The rooms where they congregate and smoke are filled with crude wooden benches and bunks, while the side rooms are devoted to gambling. I recollect so well another visit I made to one of these dens, situated in a section of Singapore not far from the luxurious palace of a wealthy Chinaman, whose fortune had come from the revenues of many of these pits of human misery. Here I became witness to some of the most sordid scenes, whose brazenness cried to the heavens.

Four or five rooms in different parts of a square court were occupied by men stretched out on a crude kind of wooden bench, with but a wooden block for a pillow. In one of these rooms, the proprietor stood under a dismal oil lamp with a delicate steel rod, weighing out the prepared drug which, I noticed, was of a dark, thick, semi-fluid constituency.

I beheld a strange motley of people in all the different stages of the habit. Some had come, already half distracted, to feed the appetite they had been obliged to subdue during the day. Others, laughing and crying, half glad, half demented, talked wildly under the effects of a few pipes. All around I beheld couches and bunks filled with occupants—languid—idiotic smiles upon their faces—already too much



under the influence of the drug to care a rap about their surroundings.

The next scene of this tragic play was enacted in another part of the building—way in the rear. It could almost be called a morgue. There lay sprawled those who had passed into that state of bliss which the opium smoker madly seeks, emblematic, perhaps, of the everlasting sleep to which he is blindly hurrying.

The pipe itself is a reed about an inch in diameter, and the aperture in the bowl for the admixture of opium no larger than a pinhead. The drug was prepared with some kind of conserve, and a very small portion was needed to charge it. One or two whiffs was the utmost that could be inhaled from a single pipe, while the smoke was taken into the lungs, not unlike that from the hookah in India. At the foot of each couch there was a lamp, as fire must be held to the drug during the process of smoking.

The last act of this scene will remain long in my memory—spectacle of the pain these weaklings suffer when deprived of the drug. And no language can describe the despair of one of the addicts when the owner of this den, with unperturbed face, refused to let the poor wretch have more opium. His credit had run out, and he was frantic and crazed with fear—almost as if he knew the end of the world had come.

I can still see his chalky pallor, his discolored teeth and withered skin, his lank and shriveled limbs, his sallow visage

and the wild glance of his eye. I can still hear his feeble raving voice—an experience so poignant that I left rather hurriedly. It was too much for me!

Singapore is a concentration point for the traffic in white and yellow women, or, for that matter, black women and brown, too. The usual procedure, by the Chinese dealers, is to purchase the girls in China and bring them to Singapore by way of Hongkong, Swatow or Amoy. In Singapore, they are kept in brothels for two months and are forced to work hard in order to make the first return on the investment. In case they are found satisfactory for the Singapore houses, they are assigned permanent places and become members of the brothel staffs. However, there is a constant demand for Chinese women and girls in the Dutch East Indies, and the largest part of the traffic in Singapore, or terminating temporarily in that city, is for the purpose of transporting the girls later to the Indies.

There is, apparently, no difficulty in getting the Chinese girls from China into Singapore, but the Dutch East Indies is a place not so accessible. The Chinese traders, then, are forced to adopt some little stratagem to outwit the port authorities and the customs men. One of the devices is that of the wayang troupes, or theatrical companies. These are organized at Singapore by pseudo-theatrical managers, and it is proposed that they give a series of appearances in the

Dutch East Indies. Permission is gained in the proper manner and the appearances are contracted for and otherwise arranged. The children that have been selected for prostitution in the Indies are then added to the troupes and are given some small things to do. They enter the Indies under the pretext that they are performers.

The government of the Netherlands East Indies reporting on the traffic in women and children to the Secretariat of the League of Nations, has stated that the traffickers in women, having their secret headquarters in the Straits Settlements, are able to have their victims conveyed to the Indies, through Singapore, by means of carefully instructed accomplices who are provided with genuine immigration papers. These men profess to be the husbands of the girls who are being conveyed to the place of prostitution.

Prostitutes are smuggled from Singapore into the Indies and to other parts of the world by the use of cargo vessels, usually of Chinese registration. The girls go on board at Singapore without a passport or immigration papers. The vessel leaves for a port in the Indies and the master of the vessel hides the girls, either in his cabin or in some secret compartment. When the landing officials have completed their examination of the vessel, the officers and crew, working at night, land the girls in small boats and turn them over to the agents of the procurers. This traffic is watched over by a special bureau. This bureau in the Indies also

supervises the wayang troupes, but the number of girls that are successfully introduced into the centers of prostitution from Singapore every year has not appreciably diminished.

When one considers the countless numbers of prostitutes in Singapore, it is interesting to note that in the year 1930, for instance, only forty-five cases of enforced prostitution were detected in that city. Twenty-two of these cases related wholly to Singapore. Thirty-three fell under another category, that is, they were related partly to another country, usually China. In these cases, the ages of the victims ranged from eleven to thirty years. One case, however, deals with a child of seven. The offenders were between twenty-five and sixty-eight years of age. The offenses were committed in thirty-six cases by females, in fifteen by males, and in four by persons of both sexes.

The predominance of women in these Singapore cases need not be taken as indication that the women are actually in control of the trade. It simply indicates that the men were cleverer than the women in escaping arrest. In two cases, however, the offender could not be found. Those cases may be credited to the males.

The sentences varied between six months' and two years' rigorous imprisonment, with fines in addition ranging from \$100 to \$500. In six cases the offenders absconded. Their bails, ranging from \$200 to \$500, were given in compensa-

tion to the victims. In twelve cases the offenders were deported after having served their sentences.

A brief outline of some of the cases will indicate the hold that the Chinese have on the traffic in women even in the Straits Settlements. A male Hokkien and a Hokkien woman, aged thirty-four and forty respectively, were charged with trafficking in two Hokkien sisters, aged seventeen and seven. The case was withdrawn owing to insufficient evidence. Of the two girls, the elder was received into the Po Leung Kuk and the younger was released in good care and under a guardian's bond. The Hokkien woman was arrested with a view to her deportation, but was released when she proved Straits birth.

Two male Cantonese, aged forty and forty-five respectively, were charged with importing three Cantonese girls, aged twenty-seven, twenty-two and eighteen, respectively, with intent to sell them as prostitutes. Both men were convicted, the first to two years' rigorous imprisonment and fifteen strokes, the second to two years' rigorous imprisonment. They will be deported at the expiration of their sentences. The victims were repatriated and, by this time, are back in Singapore again.

A Cantonese woman, forty-eight years old, was charged with procuring, for purposes of prostitution, two Cantonese girls, aged twenty-two and eighteen. She was sentenced to two years' rigorous imprisonment and was fined \$500. She

will be deported. One girl was released and returned to Palembang. The second returned to China.

The effect of these attempts at suppression and the other laws, especially those which provide inspection of incoming ships by an official of the Chinese Protectorate, may be indicated accurately by the mere statement that there is no dearth of prostitutes and there never will be.

The activities of the Jewish Association for the Protection of Women and Children, in cooperation with a special body of experts of the League of Nations, have resulted in demands for action against the procurers. The experts ask that efforts be made to strengthen the laws against such men, especially in countries, like several of the South American nations, where they cannot be arrested.

This request was based on a number of cases in which several girls had been exported from Warsaw to Buenos Aires and thence, after being trained in prostitution, to Singapore. One girl, who was extremely beautiful and of good family, vanished from her home near Warsaw. She was traced to Buenos Aires and there it was learned that she had been kept three months in a brothel, had been visited by over a thousand men in that time, and then was sent on to Mexico. A photograph of the girl, naked, was sent by a trafficker in Warsaw to his brother in Buenos Aires. It came into the hands of investigators and the man

in Warsaw was imprisoned on charges of procuration. The girl, however, is still in Mexico and may never be found.

Another Singapore case is that of X-231, a prostitute, who was sent to Paris to find more victims. She became acquainted with a young man on whom she lavished much money. He assisted her in her nefarious work. He had two sisters in Poland. They were orphans. The woman saw their photographs, and persuaded the young man to send for them. He did so. When the girls arrived, they were taken to Singapore. The woman and the brother traveled first-class; the sisters in the steerage. Upon arrival in Singapore, both children were taken to an agent, who ravished them, broke their spirit by obscene assaults, and then sold them at a high price.

In another Polish prison is a young man who married sixty-two Jewesses and took them to various agents who sent them to the United States and thence to South America. False certificates of marriage were obtained in all cases and the Polish officials who aided in the deception are also in prison.

The large number of Polish Jewesses who are found in the brothels of all the cities of the East and West is, in part, explained by the abuse of the Hebrew custom of marriage by proxy. By this method, great cargoes of girls were sent to the Orient, especially to Singapore, where they were debauched and then introduced to the profession of prostitu-

tion. So grave had this condition become that it came before the Grand Rabbi of France, M. Zadock Kahn, vice-president of the Association for the Suppression of the White Slave Traffic in France.

Who are these girls with whom the traffickers contract such marriages? They are the poor, ignorant women of Poland, coming mainly from villages, living in the direst poverty and in the most unsatisfactory economic and moral conditions. They naturally wish to escape from that position. Such Jewish marriages take place mostly in that part of Poland which was formerly Russian or Austrian. In that part which once was Russian, the shocking state of affairs exists wherein even the fathers cohabit with daughters, and brothers with sisters. The Jewish people are driven into one particular district where they live in unsanitary and crowded quarters and are forbidden to do anything outside the pale. It is not to be wondered at that the unfortunate girls submit easily to the glib talk of procurers and listen to the blandishments of traffickers, who only seek new and fresh supplies for their brothels in Singapore, Shanghai, and all the other ports of the East and of South America. The agents have in their employ many old women of the villages who keep their eyes for years on pretty children, who watch as they grow older for signs of immorality and easy virtue and, when the time is ripe, send word for the procurer to come with his talk.



The ceremony of the marriage, called by the Jews "stille chuppe," is then followed out. It is done by means of the gift from the man to the woman of some symbol, a ring, or even a coin, accompanied by the repetition of a sacramental formula. The presence of a rabbi is not necessary. Naturally, there is no contract. A witness is all that is required. The result is that the women, as wives, have no civil status. From the religious point of view, they are legitimate wives. From the point of view of the law, they are only concubines. This act promotes the white slave traffic, for the traffickers, who undergo the form of marriage, while actually remaining on the civil registers as bachelors and retaining on their passports the description "unmarried," are able to repeat the ceremony many times. Each time they hand the girl over to another agent after she has been induced to cohabit with her so-called husband, and she then begins the long voyage that ends in Singapore or Buenos Aires or some other port where, in a few years, she dies of disease in a brothel.

In Singapore, as in Port Said, there are districts for the houses of prostitution and numerous laws covering the activities of the women. Licensed houses are inhabited by prostitutes divided into two classes: first, those who are employed by the keepers of the brothels who retain all of the women's earnings and provide them with lodging, food and clothes, and some money; second, women who retain their

earnings and pay the keeper for board and lodging. Generally women of this class have male friends to whom they give all their earnings. Often these men are not residents of the city. This is true among large numbers of French women who ply the trade in all the cities of the Orient. In the Canal zone of Egypt, for example, the prostitutes enter by steamers. They travel as stowaways, without identification papers, with the assistance of the crew. The captains of these vessels state that they cannot put a stop to this traffic because they are unable to search the coal bunkers, where the women are hidden. The search is difficult because of the aggressive attitude and dangerous character of the coal trimmers and because every one plays a part in this profitable game.

The regulations of Singapore, dealing with the sale of women, are much like those of other cities of the East. There is a joker in most of the laws, the chief one being that if the victim is of known immoral character or has been a prostitute the laws do not apply.

The Chinese Beau Brummell glanced at me again, smiled secretly, and whispered a word that I could not clearly hear. I nodded brightly and followed the glance of his eyes. Ah, this was what he had been talking about so richly all the evening on the veranda!

They were Celestial belles, the very delight of Singapore, I should say. Their forms were wrapped in lovely silks;

their smiles were very much like those accredited to Circe; and their eyes, shining above the excellent shapes of their painted mouths, cast glances, I tell you, that were actually lovesick. Cast them at him, of course.

He was delighted. He had made a conquest.

The girls swayed lightly forward and sat down in ancient grace of movement by the sides of two matrons, elderly women dressed alike in plain blue cotton gowns. These two eyed their charges most critically and yet graciously, and they said nothing.

He began to speak again in a low voice. He let me see what the comedy was. This was not a flirtation. The two darlings were prostitutes and their kind glances at him, far from being a dainty tribute to his wooden smile, were simply dividend producers. He told me that he knew the house where they practiced their profession, that it was a charming place. It was part brothel and part opium den.

I said that I would like to go there. He said he would like to go, too. At this moment, one of the girls, rising elegantly from her seat, came over to us, bowed, and spoke in Chinese. He rose and answered her gayly. He took me to one side and the girls left the hotel. Presently we joined them in our rickshas and I shot at a fast pace into the streets through a yellow, brown and copper colored ceaseless skirmishing human whirlpool, begging my man not to lose sight of the Chinese gentleman ahead.

The procession went down the Ningpo Road and then turned into a street where the noise and bustle fell off somewhat and the lights were less glaring. Before a large, handsome house, all our vehicles stopped. I saw the girls go into the house; and he awaited me.

The door opened for us and closed behind us in a slow movement. I remember how handsome the door was. It was a heavy, ornamented piece of wood and swung silently on its hinges. Then I stood in a hall, bright with gay lights, sparkling with mirrors, and quite crowded with a lot of friendly people. There were several Chinese and Europeans in dinner clothes; two or three black men, standing together; and, scattered like flowers on a floor, the little girls in silken coats and dresses, smiling and laughing and chatting. The air was redolent with incense and the fragrances of fruits and blossoms, rice-wine and tea.

I followed him up a wide, carved staircase, on which a heavy carpet of rose color was laid. The next room was hardly less spacious. It was beautiful; golden dragons and black, grinning faces were painted on the walls; and the strange din of guitar, flute and cymbal smote my ears.

I stood still in astonishment. My companion, who, to my surprise, seemed somewhat agitated, asked to be excused for a little while. The two girls who had preceded us had vanished into that glittering throng. I could not understand the procedure.

A male Eurasian, too well-dressed in British evening clothes, came forward and welcomed me. I smiled and he went on about his business. I gazed on the gathering. I saw three women there who were undoubtedly Americans. One could find their like in any chorus of a Broadway comedy. But the Chinese predominated. They were everywhere. The fair-skinned Soochow type was most in evidence and they are fascinating.

A Chinese beauty stopped at my elbow. Her hair was richly adorned with artificial flowers and strings of pearls. She showed her teeth in a pleasant smile. I showed her mine. I remember her eyebrows; they were black arches, cut like moons, written with charred sticks above her soft eyes.

She looked all right until she opened that painted mouth of hers and poured forth the most unlovely lingo in pidgin and sailor English that ever I heard. The sum total of all her gibberish was that she wanted me to go to another room, where matters were not quite so conventional as they were in the gathering places below.

She fastened herself on my arm, thinking in her innocent fashion that I was a prize package, and off we went up another turn of broad stairs and to a door where a yellow face—presumably that of a man—peered at me through a blue curtain of heavy, gorgeous silk. I showed him my teeth. The curtain went rustling to the left side and she and I entered the new chamber. No, it was not hers.

It was a large room, too. There were six alcoves, all curtained, and smaller chambers lay beyond each alcove. There were several men and women on divans here and there, sipping wine from glasses that shone in rich colors. The men were white, for the most part. I could not distinguish the nationality of the women clearly. They were from all the countries of the world.

She touched my elbow. I turned and walked by her side into an alcove. I stopped short as I looked into the inner room. I saw two white women lying naked on a couch together. A large oil lamp threw a yellow glow upon them. Ranged around these two inert forms were six Chinese men. They were all, women and Chinese, wrapped in the drug, opium. From time to time there was a small motion by one of the men and his trembling fingers would touch part of the inert body before him. Over this scene, a burly Chinese servant presided. It was his part, I learned later, to see that these men limited their embraces to these touches.

I sank down in the shadow of the alcove upon a divan and watched in amazement. I could see the faint breath of the prostrate girls come and go. Their breasts barely moved; there was no reaction when the hands of their worshipers hovered above them and touched the skin. Both girls seemed to be about twenty years old. One seemed to be a French woman; the other a Russian Jewess whose hair had been dyed yellow. Near them were opium kits.

I then saw that a similar scene was being enacted in an-



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## APPENDIX

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In the foregoing pages I have attempted to sketch in broad outlines the systems of white slavery and prostitution that exist in the most important Oriental cities.

In the following pages are the citations from the Official Records:

- A. Report of the League of Nations, The traffic in Women and Children Committee, prepared by the League of Nations Secretariat,
- B. Reports from the Advisory Commission for the Protection and Welfare of Children and Young People,
- C. Report of the Jewish Association for the Protection of Women and Children, sent to League of Nations.
- D. Reports of the traffic in Women and Children Committee, at its Eleventh Session on April, 1932, and Amendments to the Conventions.
- E. Reply and findings of the United States of America to the League of Nations,
- F. Reply of the Japanese Government to the League of Nations,



- G. Reports of the 9th Session of the League of Nations relating to the Traffic in Poland and the export of Jewish girls to all parts of the world.
- H. Report from Miss McCall, from the Vigilance Record, relating to the traffic in Women and Children in Egypt and Port Said.
- I. Reports received by the Investigators from the Protector of Chinese in Singapore relating to the traffic in Women and Children. And Report of Secretary of Chinese Affairs.
- J. Report received by the League of Nations and the Investigators from the Secretary for Chinese Affairs at Hongkong.
- K. Replies from the Portuguese Government and the Minister of Colonies relating to the traffic in Women and Children in Portugal and Macao.
- L. Report of the Commission as to offenses against morality in Shanghai.
- M. Ordinance for the incorporation of the Chinese Society for the prevention of kidnapping and for the protection of women and children commonly known as the Po LEUNG KUK in Hongkong.
- N. 12th sitting of the Opium Committee at Geneva dealing with the suppression of the traffic in narcotics.
- O. Report of the Council of the Advisory Committee of traffic in opium and other dangerous drugs at the 15th session of the League of Nations on April 15, 1932.

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## A

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### LEAGUE OF NATIONS REPORT OF THE SPECIAL BODY OF EXPERTS ON TRAFFIC IN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Official C 52.M. 52/ (C.T.F.E. Experts -55)

#### THE DEMAND FOR FOREIGN WOMEN

##### *Causes of Demand*

The demand for foreign women governs both the extent and direction of the International traffic. This demand can be greatly stimulated and its character in large measure influenced by the traffickers and managers of amusement places, saloons, cafés and houses of prostitution. It may be asked what are the causes of the demand and why does it pay—for money, of course, is the sole object of those engaged in the traffic—to transport women at considerable risk and expense from distant international points to supply the demand.

Among conditions which favor the traffic certain phenomena are of special importance, such as the existence in any

particular country of a large surplus of men over women. Such a surplus may be due to natural causes, but, in the present circumstance of the world, it would appear almost invariably to be artificial in origin.

Another factor of importance may be found in what may be called temporary markets for prostitution arising from occasional or seasonal movements of population. Wherever there are temporary assemblies of large bodies of men in various parts of the world those who make it their business to encourage prostitution are not slow to avail themselves of the opportunities. The movements of soldiers and sailors are examples of such temporary markets, of which all nations have experience.

The arrival of a body of troops in a community often creates a demand which leads to an influx of foreign women. These prostitutes of all nations follow the troops to make as much money as they can. The pay of the men and the amounts they have to spend are almost as well known to the prostitutes and their souteneurs as to the quartermaster.

Medical officers have often found that there is a marked increase in the incidence of venereal disease when men are given leave immediately after pay day, but, if leave is given and pay is delayed, the number of cases is much smaller.

Case "a." In a licensed house known as 333-X, an assistant Madame, 38-G made the following remarks as to her position in Port Said:

"I have worked in Paris for this patronne and I have to go wherever she sends me. All of us girls are under contract in a way. This madame has two houses in — and she needed me here. Just like 334-X (another house on the same street) she too has a house in — and she always exchanges her girls. . . . There is a man in — also who supplies all these houses with girls. He gets a commission for doing it. All we do is to let him know and he gets them."

Case "b." In a conversation with 25T in Port Said (the agent through whom the Madames of houses of prostitution in that city secure new girls and obtain places in other cities for those they wish to send away) he said:

"Whenever the mesdames want new girls they let me know. I can always place their girls for them. They (the Mesdames) pay all traveling expenses. . . . You see, what is old here is new in —. I get my dope there from a friend. He gets his dope from me. . . . In every city there's somebody who can do the placing. . . . In every city there is a man who fixes things for the houses—a guy who gets the girls. All the mesdames do is to tell him and he keeps his eyes open for the girl."

The value of brothels in breaking in a new or inexperienced girl is illustrated in the following example:

"711-X reported a recent case in which a former Constantinople souteneur (procurer) who had gone to Egypt, stopped

in Constantinople on his way from Czernovitch, with a young girl he had picked up in that city to be taken to Egypt. They stopped at the house of 23-DH, so that the girl could be broken in as a prostitute before being taken to Egypt."

The details already given illustrate vividly the stimulated demand for foreign women. Once a foreign girl is taken to a distant country where she does not understand the language and customs and is far from her home and friends, the power of the procurer is proportionally increased and she is accordingly a better subject for intimidation than local girls. Herein lies the studied cruelty and slavery which inevitably follows the International traffic. The foreign woman as a novelty has always been advertised in prostitution centers of all countries just as the city girl is paraded and announced in the small village brothels and the country girl in the city.

The demand for foreign girls and the greater facilities that exist for exploiting them in a strange country, do not alone account for their value to the International traffic. A stronger motive is to be found in the large profits that can be made out of them and especially out of prostitutes who will practice acts of perversion. Deliberate efforts are made to get girls for this purpose and train them. Some girls are said to "starve to death" because they will not take to these practices. An experienced procurer in a South American city said: "I brought down 36G from the United States. She

would not practice perversion so she could not make a living. I had to send her back. . . . If she had done as I had told her she would have had enough money to retire to-day. . . . In five years a girl can make her fortune here."

In Port Said 32-P (Russian) said: "81-P (Egyptian) brings from France every year at least eight minor girls. He sells them to the mesdames. Ask him, he will tell you. He sometimes gets as much as fifty pounds apiece. Boys (procurers) buy them too."

This quotation shows in a striking way the ideas which procurers have as to their property in the girls they exploit.

### *Offers of Employment*

A method of securing girls and women for International traffic is disguised as a genuine offer of employment abroad. A full account has been given of the dangers to which entertainers and artists are subject when they accept offers to work abroad under unsatisfactory contracts of employment. There are, however, offers of other kinds of work which are used to conceal the real purpose of the traffickers.

After the war, certain countries were greatly in need of farm labor owing to the loss of men, and the seasonal labor of young women from another country was welcomed. In the case of Polish women sent into France for this purpose, the authorities of both countries tried to safeguard them in every way, but traffickers found some opportunity to recruit

girls, and particularly to bring young prostitutes out of Poland and visas issued on the basis of work contracts.

Similar devices have been used to get girls into other countries for purposes of prostitution. A not uncommon method reported by governments and disclosed to the Investigators by the underworld is to obtain girls for work abroad as domestic servants. In Port Said, the investigator was told that Greek souteneurs or businessmen wrote for young girls, offering them employment as domestics. The procurers made prostitutes out of the girls, whereas some businessmen made the girls their mistresses.

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## B

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### SPECIAL REPORT OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: REPORT OF THE SPECIAL BODY OF EXPERTS ON TRAFFIC IN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

#### C. 52 (2) M 52. (1)

It was found easier to obtain information as to the number of prostitutes and in particular as to the number of foreign prostitutes in countries in which prostitution is controlled and where there are therefore statistics.

Investigators have been employed on the difficult task of establishing contacts with the underworld, and of obtaining first-hand information as to its activities. The Investigators associated with procurers and prostitutes, frequented their clubs and cafés, visited the houses of prostitution and became well acquainted with the mesdames and the inmates. . . . They also got in touch with managers and artists of the cabarets and music halls. They were given introductions from members of the underworld in one country to those in another, and they were told how to ob-



tain false documents, how to smuggle women in by sea across unguarded land frontiers and where to purchase indecent photographs and obscene literature. A very special study was made of every method by which the underworld claimed to be able to evade official restrictions.

Investigators into traffic in Port Said found that there is a tremendous demand for women into Egypt and along the Canal zone.

A procurer was questioned about the securing of false documents. He said: "I'll get your girl an Egyptian passport. You see, I know the clerks in the Passport Office, because I used to be a Government employee. After we get the passport we will get a visa. After that is finished we will send the passport to her. It will cost you from 15-20 pounds sterling. Don't you know that a big part of the prostitutes who are really foreigners have Egyptian passports? With money you can do anything. The Head of the Passport Office is 0-31.

32-P said, "I'll make your girl a pass just like this." He then showed the Investigator a "Laisser-Passer" and said: "Here is a pass I made for a girl to go to Buenos Aires, but after I got it all fixed up, she changed her mind. You see, here is an application. I take one of these from the Passport Office and go to my friend. He is what we call the X 395 X (a person duly recognized by the passport authorities in the

case of minority populations) and it is his business to know everything in this district.

"His secretary is a friend of mine, and any certificate of papers which I need, I get from him. I take my witnesses and I swear that you live in my house and say for how long I have known you. You put down your name, your father's name, your mother's and the place where you were born. And then you sign it.

"It is a *Laisser-Passer*. It is good for one year. You can go anywhere, and come back whenever you want. It will have made out: *Aller et Retour*. Every boy (*procurer*) has one for that purpose. The girls all have them too.

"You see, most of the boys and girls (*prostitutes* and *procurers*) come here by a crook way. Take 75-P for instance. . . . He has a Roumanian pass. I am getting him a *Laisser-Passer* so that he can go to London on Wednesday. I made more than 75 passes for girls and boys last year. Remember I can get you Roumanian, Egyptian and even Greek passes."

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## C

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LEAGUE OF NATIONS: REPORT OF THE JEWISH ASSOCIATION  
FOR THE PROTECTION OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN, APRIL 4,  
1931

Official Document No. C.T.F.E. 460

The extent of the traffic as reported by special body of Experts of the League of Nations reports as follows:

On the question of abolition of the system of licensed houses the Association strongly supports the Memorandum prepared by the British Social Hygiene Council and presented by the British Delegate at its last session. There seems a change of agreement being reached which would terminate in a large measure, the existence of houses of prostitution.

Actions against Procurers.

Every effort should be made to strengthen the laws against such vultures and especially in those countries where these people have immunity from arrest, as for instance in South America.

Case where a girl was exported from Warsaw, Poland, thence to Buenos Aires, also to Singapore.

A girl of 18 had disappeared from her home and was taken to Buenos Aires. From there she had been sent to Mexico. Ships entering Buenos Aires had been watched. No trace of her could be found. However, a photo of this girl, sent by a trafficker in Warsaw to his brother in Buenos Aires came into the hands of the Committee. The man is now in prison on charge of procuration and the girl seems to be still in Mexico.

Another case. A prostitute in Singapore, acting as agent for traffickers, went to Europe to find victims. She became acquainted with young man on whom she lavished much money and who assisted her in her nefarious work. She has two young sisters resident in Poland and as they are orphans, she persuaded them to accompany her to Singapore, where promises of work were made. When they arrived they were forced to enter a house of prostitution, where they are now making a living.

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### LEAGUE OF NATIONS: TRAFFIC IN WOMEN AND CHILDREN COMMITTEE

#### *Eleventh Session (April 4th to 9th, 1932)*

#### AMENDMENTS TO THE CONVENTIONS OF 1910 AND 1921.

#### ELIMINATION OF AGE LIMIT

Official No. C 503. M. 244, 1932 IV  
(C.T.F.E. 534 (1). Geneva, May 12th, 1932)

#### *Report of the Secretary*

At its tenth session in 1921, the Traffic in Women and Children Committee having noted with satisfaction a marked increase in the number of Government replies in favor of abolishing the age limit in the Conventions of 1910 and 1921, decided to reconsider this question at its meeting in 1932 with other amendments to the Conventions.

#### 1. History of the proposal.

At the International Conference on the Traffic in Women

and Children held under the auspices of the League in 1921, the Delegate of the Netherlands (see records of the Conference, page 65) proposed to ask the Governments to examine the question whether it was not urgently necessary to eliminate the words "under age," in Article 1 of the Convention of 1910, which reads:

"Whoever, in order to gratify the passions of another person, has procured, enticed or led away, even with her consent, a woman or girl under age, for immoral purposes, shall be punished. . . ."

The object of this proposal was to provide for the punishment of the traffic in women and girls over age, even if carried out with their full consent. The present provisions of the International Conventions suppress the traffic in women and children over age only if carried out by means of fraud, violence, threats or other methods of compulsion or by abuse of authority (see Article 2 of the 1910 Convention).

The proposal of the Netherlands Delegate was carried by seventeen votes to eleven, but as a three-quarter majority was necessary in order to make it an official recommendation of the Conference, it was not adopted.

The Traffic in Women and Children Committee adopted at its eleventh session, held in April, 1932, the following resolution:

"The Traffic in Women and Children Committee:

"Having noted the answers received from Governments on the question of the elimination of the age limit in the Conventions of 1910 and 1921;

"Considering that it follows from these answers that in some countries this Traffic is not punishable under certain limitations such as to allow prosecution, for instance, only in cases where the victims are sent abroad:

"Considering that the traffic in women is always and in all circumstances a profoundly immoral and anti-social act;

"Considering that experience has shown that impunity as regards traffic in women who are over age and who consent in hampering the effective suppression of traffic in minors;

"Expresses the opinion that the traffic in women, even if the victims are over age and consent, should be punished, and begs the Council to approach Governments with a view to obtaining the introduction of the necessary modifications in their National legislations and in the above-mentioned conventions."

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### REPORT OF UNITED STATES OF AMERICA FINDINGS TO THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The United States of America has adhered to the International Agreement of 1904 for the Suppression of the White Slave Traffic, but owing to the fact, so it is said, that the legislation on prostitution is largely a State matter, the Federal Government has not adhered to the Conventions of 1919 and 1921.

A reply to the questionnaire issued in 1924 has been received from the Federal Government and has been carefully studied, together with the annual reports submitted to the advisory Committee on traffic in women and children. In making a study of conditions as regards traffic in the Orient and Far East, it was equally necessary to try to ascertain what conditions prevailed in the United States of America, as many of the girls in Singapore, Hongkong, and Shanghai were of American nationality.

Conferences were held with members of the Department of Justice, with Federal employees in the Department of



Justice and in the Departments of Labor and Immigration. Contact was established with well-known underground characters and thus a careful study of the American White Slave Traffic obtained and a picture formed of the extensive trade and traffic to the Far East.

The laws and regulations of the United States to prevent alien traffickers and procurers of women from coming or being brought into the country for purpose of prostitution are complete and elaborate.

There is however little incoming traffic into the United States owing to the extensive regulations prevailing at the seacoastal towns and the severity of the Immigration officials.

Nevertheless there are still plenty of dodgings and many are the cases that have come to the attention of the League of Nations investigators.

Some of these cases are of interest as they bear greatly on the investigation made of the traffic of young girls in the Orient.

This traffic relates to importation of young Chinese girls, mainly on the American West Coast. These very young girls are being smuggled into the United States of America and are held in what amounts to abject slavery. They are bought and sold like chattel and delivered up to prostitution. The girls are Chinese and the traffickers as well as the

beneficiaries of this system are the members of the Chinese secret societies, called Tongs, located chiefly in San Francisco. The Immigration authorities find great difficulty in preventing this traffic entirely, though it does not now exist in very large numbers, as these girls are entered as young as ten years, entered on the manifests or documents as wives, sisters or daughters of returning Chinese-American citizens, and their papers, secured in China, are, on their face, entirely regular.

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LEAGUE OF NATIONS: TRAFFIC IN WOMEN AND CHILDREN  
SUMMARY OF ANNUAL REPORTS FOR 1930 PREPARED BY THE  
SECRETARIAT

*Geneva, February 12th, 1932*

*League of Nations Publications Series 4*

Official No. C. 164. M. 77. 1932. IV. (C.T.F.E. 528)

JAPAN: ANSWER RECEIVED FROM THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT

“Our present system of State regulation depends partly on the exercise of prostitution by registered prostitutes and partly on the running of licensed houses, which are subject to State regulations.

“If Japan still maintains the systems of State regulation, it is because this system has been in existence for centuries and its sudden suppression would have serious social repercussions, involving, as it would in actual fact, the total abolition of prostitution in Japan.

"The efforts of the Japanese Government are therefore directed mainly to effecting improvements in the system. . . .

"It has been decided on principle not to increase the number of licensed houses. . . .

"The main object of the system being . . . to safeguard public health and morality, registered prostitutes are generally obliged to live in a special quarter. The sole object of this isolation is to prevent the serious effects which their dispersion throughout the different quarters might have on public morality. It must not be forgotten that, owing to the special construction of Japanese houses, in which the doors and windows are generally open and the rooms cannot all be locked, such dispersion would have very serious results from this point of view. . . .

"As already stated, the authorities exercise the strictest control over the keepers of licensed houses and over intermediaries in order to prevent all possibility of trafficking or of personal constraint. . . .

"It is feared that, if State regulation were suddenly abolished, clandestine prostitution would at once increase, while the clandestine prostitutes would outnumber the registered prostitutes, who are actually subject to supervision, and the evil, from the point of view of public health and morality, would be greater than under the present system. . . .

"It may be said, therefore, that so far as Japan is con-

cerned, no direct communication exists between the traffic in women and the system of regulation, as the object of State regulation is to safeguard public health and morality, and the control exercised by the authorities is particularly strict (it must not be forgotten that there can be no effective control of clandestine prostitution). In view of these circumstances, the Japanese system may be said indirectly to constitute a bar to the traffic."

"The systems for the regulation of prostitution and of licensed houses are . . . absolutely independent of one another, so that, under the system in force, no contractual relations can exist between the keeper of a licensed house and his lodgers. The object of this arrangement is to prevent prostitutes from becoming the slaves of the keepers of licensed houses. . . . The authorities have decided to allow prostitutes to live where they please, provided that they remain in the special quarter and do not engage in their profession except in licensed houses (Article 8 of the Regulations for the Supervision of Registered prostitutes). . . . This is the only restriction on their liberty. . . . When the laws are codified, the Japanese Government inserted in the Civil Code an article providing that legal acts involving engagements or contracts contrary to public order or morality, should, ipso facto, be null (Article 90).

"The exercise of the profession of prostitution is free and

does not imply constraint by a third party. The keeper of a licensed house cannot invoke any grounds, not even debt, as a reason for refusing to release women belonging to his establishment (Article 6). It is not correct, therefore, to state that State regulation is equivalent to the imprisonment of registered prostitutes. The statistics for the last few years show a distinct decrease in the length of time for which registered prostitutes remain in licensed houses and a striking increase in the number of registered prostitutes leaving such houses.

"Prostitutes have perfect liberty as regards correspondence, visitors, and reading, and are free to possess any articles, all acts tending to restrict such freedom being punishable under Articles 12 and 13.

"The authorities keep strict watch in order to see that no pressure is brought to bear on prostitutes by keepers of licensed houses. During the period 1921-1923, 127 offenses were reported. As registered prostitutes have to live in a special segregated district, various means of recreation have been devised, such as holidays, which all the inmates of the licensed houses spend together.

"In order that prostitutes may be protected from the fresh temptations which await them on leaving the licensed houses, and may later be able to obtain an honest livelihood, the keepers of licensed houses engage persons to instruct them in dressmaking, writing, arithmetic and flower making and they are also visited by priests, lecturers, etc."

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### LEAGUE OF NATIONS: NINTH SESSION

Official C 246—M 121, 1930 (C.T.F.E.)

#### POLISH GIRLS SENT FROM POLAND AFTER MARRIAGE SILENCIEUX

Madame Avril de Sainte Croix . . . also raised the question of the Jewish marriage silencieux or ritual, which incidentally was not confined to Poland, but exists in all of Eastern Europe and from which loads of women and girls were sent and trafficked to the Orient and to South America, and which question is so delicate as it touches religious susceptibilities.

She recalled the case of a procurer, who had left Bordeaux, France, for South America and to the Orient with a number of girls, with all of whom he had gone through a form of marriage and who could not be arrested as the information had been received too late. It has been asked who are the people with whom the traffickers contract such marriages. They were poor, uneducated girls and women

coming mainly from Polish villages, living in the direst poverty and the most unsatisfactory economic conditions. They naturally like to escape from that position as quickly as possible. Such marriages take place in that part of Poland, that was formerly Russian or Austrian. In the part of Poland, which was formerly Russian, the most shocking state of affairs exist, where even fathers cohabit with daughters and brothers with sisters and in which Jewish people are driven into one particular district, where they live in most unsanitary and crowded conditions. They are forbidden to do anything outside their own pale of settlement. It is not to be wondered then that women and girls first of all submit much easier to talks of procurers and they wished to escape and listen to blandishments if traffickers, who are only out to secure fodder for their brothels in Shanghai, Hongkong, Singapore, Port Said and South American cities.

Official C 246—9th Session

Count Carton de Wiart of Belgium, also a League Delegate on the Traffic of Women and Children Committee, specially noted what had been said with reference to Poland and the export of Jewish girls to all parts of the world, by poverty-stricken parents and he dwelt in particular on the work of the Missions des Gares (Station workers) to which he paid a tribute. The report submitted by Mr. Chodzko, the rapporteur, raised a very interesting point: the



Jewish marriage silencieux, silent marriages, which might have a certain influence on the White Slave Traffic.

The following passage on this subject occurred in the report:

“Among the Jews, the *Stille Chuppe* or *Marriage Silencieux*, is often found. It is carried out by means of the gift from the man to the woman of some symbol (a ring or even a coin) accompanied by the repetition of a sacramental formula. The presence of a Rabbi or other Ecclesiastic at the ceremony is not necessary. The first Jew, acting as a witness, suffices, providing he is an adult. Naturally there is no contract, the act of marriage not being entered on the marriage registers of the civil state. Consequently a great many women are found with an irregular civil status. From the religious point of view, they are legitimate wives. From the point of view of the law, they are only concubines. This kind of religious marriage celebrated in the presence merely of a Jew, is very frequent, particularly in the provinces among the poor Jews, whose ideas are very backward. Such a state of affairs surely promotes the White Slave Traffic and also the action of the traffickers, who undergo a form of marriage, while actually remaining on the civil registers as bachelors and retain on their passports the description “unmarried” and so they are not legally married and their children are illegitimate.

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## H

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Official C 246. M 121. 1930. IV.  
(C.T.F.E.) Ninth Session. PV.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS: ADVISORY COMMISSION FOR THE PRO-  
TECTION AND WELFARE OF CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE:  
TRAFFIC IN WOMEN AND CHILDREN COMMITTEE

*Geneva, April 2nd, 1930*

*Mr. Harris of Great Britain read the following passage from  
a report by Miss McCall, from the Vigilance Record:*

“Egypt, like all Southern Europe, is a regulationist country. Two years ago it was described by the League of Nations as a country of large demand for women and girls of all nationalities for the purpose of prostitution and that ‘description holds good to-day.’ Not only is there a large demand to meet local needs, particularly during the season, but Egypt and Arabia is also a clearing house where European girls, who have recently joined the ranks of prostitution, can be trained before being sent elsewhere.

“Alexandria and Port Said, in particular, form links in the chain of ports. Variety artists go from Egypt to Beirut and thence to Athens and Constantinople or alternatively, Egypt, Algiers, Spain, and Portugal to Marseilles, France. Numbers of Syrians, little more than children, are brought into the country as servant girls and sold for ten pounds or more and there is also a traffic among Egyptian girls from outlying villages. In Egypt a divorced woman, or a girl who is no longer a virgin, has very little alternative but the streets and a large proportion of the native licensed prostitutes in Port Said are in fact divorced women.”

Reported to the League of Nations—and to the International League for the Suppression of the White Slave Traffic:

**Port Said:**

“Clandestine houses . . . These houses are frequented, either with or without the husband’s consent, by married women, whose incomes are insufficient for their luxurious tastes. By girls also who are exploited by unprincipled parents and by young women who have fallen victims to procurers and continue now in that mode of life.

“Women connected with procurers also frequent these houses and also women who have been previously registered, but, who, for reasons of varied nature, have succeeded

in alluding the supervision of the Bureaus of Public Morals, either in Alexandria or Port Said.

"The cases that have come to our knowledge are of women brought into the country by procurers, or by keepers of licensed houses, who went to Europe and returned with women as professional prostitutes.

"At present there exist in Port Said and Alexandria the International League for the Suppression of Traffic in women and children, which incidentally enjoys the Patronage of the Governor of Alexandria, and the Sisters of Deliverance, who assist and support unprotected women and girls who arrive in Egypt for the first time.

"There is a certain amount of French women in the Canal zone for the purpose of prostitution . . . they enter by steamer of the Messageries Maritime, travel as stowaways, without passports or identification papers. Captains of these steamers state that they cannot stop this traffic as they are unable to search the bunkers, on account of aggressive attitude and dangerous character of coal trimmers, who are for the most part men of the Corsican bandit type."

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# I

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Official No. C. 164. M. 77. 1932. IV. (C.T.F.E. 528)

*Geneva, February 12th, 1932*

## LEAGUE OF NATIONS: TRAFFIC IN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

### SUMMARY OF ANNUAL REPORTS FOR 1930 PREPARED BY THE SECRETARIAT

#### STRAITS SETTLEMENTS AND SINGAPORE

Forty-five cases of White Slavery were detected in Singapore, in which cases the age of the victims varied from 11-30 years; one case dealt with a child of seven years old.

The offenders were between 25 and 68 years old.

Under the Labor Ordinance No. 14 of 1923, section 58, an officer of the Chinese Protectorate in Singapore and Penang boards each Chinese immigrant ship on arrival and examines the female immigrants. Suspicious cases found during this examination are required for further enquiry and, if the Protector is not satisfied, he calls for security to

be provided under section 7 of the Ordinance that the woman or girl will not leave the Settlement without the previous consent in writing of the Protector of the Chinese, and shall not be trained or disposed of as a prostitute or for immoral purpose. If the required security is not given, the woman or girl is detained in a place of safety until the security is provided or if she is married. If a Chinese girl or woman has been kidnaped or brought into the Colony by force or fraud and she is able to give names and addresses of respectable relatives in China, arrangements are made to send her to her home through the good offices of the Secretary for Chinese Affairs in Hongkong.

League of Nations Official Document . . . 1930, Series 4

Conditions of peculiar difficulty affect the problem of prostitution and venereal disease in Singapore. The large immigrant Chinese and Indian population results in a sex ratio of 100 Chinese males to about 47 Chinese females in Singapore.

For Malaya as a whole, the ratio is 100 Chinese males to about 38 Chinese females. There is a long history of regulation of prostitution, and the abolition of the Contagious Diseases Acts in Great Britain, although followed by the Colonial Government, was not in accordance with local opinion and a system of tolerated brothels existed.

The visit in 1920-1921 of a Social Hygiene Commission to

confer with the authorities on the prevalence of venereal disease in the Straits Settlements and the Federated Malay States led to the appointment of a special Medical Committee of Enquiry in 1922, by the Legislative Council. This Committee reported an exceptionally high incidence of venereal disease among the population, increasing the brothel area and improving the arrangements for the medical examination and control of prostitutes. Ordinance was submitted to the Colonial office for consideration of an expert Committee, which reported against Ordinance and in favor of ample facilities for free treatment and for public enlightenment and various other social measures.

The Social Hygiene Board was established under the Medical Department in 1926 and took over the work of the then existent Singapore Branch of the Social Hygiene Council. A special officer placed in charge of the Social Hygiene Department; money was voted for free diagnosis and treatment of venereal diseases throughout Singapore and to finance establishment and staffing of number of centers.

Activities of this department have steadily increased. There are now four clinics and four outdoor dispensaries for free treatment of men and two outdoor clinics and dispensaries for women. Three hospitals, one for men, one for women, and one for men and women.

Under former system, the only treatment available, in

part free and in part at low cost, was that in connection with brothels. The total number of women in brothels amounted to approximately 1,800, of whom only a small portion came for treatment.

The numbers under treatment in the free centers were 1,944 women and 7,284 men. Therefore from the public health point of view, the policy of providing facilities for free treatment on a voluntary basis brings far larger proportion of general infected population under medical care than any system of compulsory control of the prostitute group alone.

The medical measures aimed at reducing the incidence of the disease in general population have been supported by the policy of the Government with regard to the prevention of traffic in women in that, it was made illegal for professional prostitutes to enter the Straits Settlements. With the help of the laws prohibiting the immigration of prostitutes, the Chinese Protectorate were able to reduce the number of known brothels from 231 to 176 and the number of inmates from 1,864 to 1,189.



REPORT OF LEAGUE OF NATIONS: TRAFFIC IN WOMEN  
AND CHILDREN

Official No. C.T.F.E. 250, relating to Singapore

Only women immigrants requiring protection are Chinese and more rarely Japanese. Practically all women under 30 and all suspicious cases are interviewed by the Protectorate in the Straits.

The Government Bureau is in constant communication with the Protector of the Chinese in Singapore. At Hong-kong contact is maintained with the Captain Superintendent of Police. Arrival of suspect is telegraphed by one authority to the other in order that necessary steps are taken.

Traffickers in women, having their secret headquarters in the Straits Settlements, are able to have their victims conveyed to the Dutch East Indies by means of carefully instructed accomplices, who are examined beforehand and are provided with genuine immigration papers, permits of entry and permits of residence and who profess to be the husbands of the women or girls in question.

Finally attempts are made to smuggle prostitutes into Singapore or also from Singapore into the Dutch East Indies in the Chin-Chows or cargoes of Chinese vessels.

These women go on board at Singapore without a passport or immigration papers. On arriving at a port in the Dutch East Indies, the master of the vessel shuts them up

in his cabin in order that the landing officials may not know of their presence, and attempts are made at night to land them in small boats.

The Protector is in constant communication with the Secretary for Chinese Affairs, in the Straits Settlements, and the Secretary for Chinese Affairs in the Federated Malay States, as to the movements of prostitutes, female and child immigrants and of girls on security bonds under the Women and Girls Protection Enactment and the Female Domestic Servants Enactment, all of which are regularly reported between the various departments.

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### LEAGUE OF NATIONS: SLAVERY OF CHILDREN IN ORIENTAL COUNTRIES: TRAFFIC IN WOMEN AND CHILDREN COMMITTEE

Official C 164 . . . M 40

#### HONGKONG

There exists in Hongkong a system of adoption of children, known as the Mui-Tsai system, which has been dealt with by the Female Domestic Ordinance of 1923. In this Ordinance, Mui-Tsai includes every female domestic servant whose employer has made any payment to any person for securing her services . . . every female domestic servant whose employer for the time being has acquired the custody, possession or control of such female upon death of former employer who has made any such payment.

By the terms of the Ordinance, it is prohibited to take any Mui-Tsai in employment and likewise prohibits to employ any female domestic servant under the age of 10. Provisions are made to ensure the girls against ill treatment.

Ordinary police and detective methods are employed for this kind of work and two white or European Inspectors are especially detailed to carry out the supervision of the Ordinance for the protection of young women and girls. One of these Inspectors is attached to the Secretariat of Chinese Affairs, where he can call for the assistance of the Chinese detectives in the district Watch Force. . . .

This Watch Force is a semi-official organization financed by voluntary subscriptions of the Chinese Community and managed under the Chairmanship of the Secretary for Chinese Affairs by a Committee of leading Chinese citizens. The force was organized to afford the Police department all such assistance as the community could give in matters of crime (as apart from mere statutory offenses) and the prevention of kidnaping.

*Ordinance Relating to Protection of Women and Girls,  
Cited as Protection to Women and Girls Ordinance of  
1897. Hongkong*

Brothel may mean house, room, boat, djunk or other place occupied or frequented by any or two or more females for purpose of prostitution.

Keeper means person having control of brothel.

Occupier of premises means person in actual occupation of premises.

*Offense 3.*

Every person who takes part in bringing into or taking away from the Colony of Hongkong, by force of intimidation or fraud, any woman or girl for purpose of prostitution either within or without the colony,

Takes part in bringing, decoying, or enticing any woman or girl into or away from the Colony, with intent to sell, pledge, let out on hire or purchase, or otherwise dispose of woman or girl, for purpose of prostitution, either within or without the Colony,

Knowingly derives any profit from sale, etc.,  
Shall be guilty of misdemeanor.

Every person, who procures or attempts to procure any female under 21 years of age, not being a common prostitute or of known immoral character to have unlawful carnal connection, or procures any woman or girl to become a common prostitute, or that she may become an inmate of a brothel elsewhere,  
Shall also be guilty of a misdemeanor.

No person shall be convicted of any offense, under any of paragraphs on evidence of one witness only, unless such witness is corroborated in some material manner by evidence implicating the accused.

Every person who carnally knows or attempts to have carnal knowledge of any unmarried person, being of or

above the age of 12 years and under the age of 16, shall be guilty of misdemeanor.

Every person, who carnally knows any girl under the age of 12, whether he is married to her or not, shall be guilty of a felony and is liable to imprisonment for life.

Every person who commits an indecent assault on any female shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

It shall be no defense to charge of indictment for an indecent assault upon a girl under age of thirteen that she consented to act of indecency. . . .

### *Procuring*

Any person who detains any woman or girl against her will, in or upon any premises with intent that she may be unlawfully and carnally known by any man, for immoral purpose or for purpose of emigration, or in any brothel, shall be guilty of misdemeanor.

Every male, who knowingly lives wholly or in part on earnings of prostitute, solicits or imports for her immoral purposes, is liable to imprisonment.

Every person who commits crime of rape shall be guilty of felony and imprisonment for life.

The Secretary for Chinese Affairs of the Hongkong Colony, if after due enquiry he is satisfied that any girl is being used for immoral purpose or is trained for such purpose and is under age of sixteen, may by warrant and by

seal, order such girl removed and detained until she attains age of 19 or marries or is adopted.

A girl living in or frequenting brothel shall be deemed to be girl trained for immoral purpose, and every woman or girl residing in such place of refuge shall be subject to such regulations as may be made by Governor in Council.

*Ordinance No. 12 of the Hongkong Houses of Prostitution*

After the passing of the Ordinance no person shall keep a brothel within the Colony of Hongkong unless the same is registered nor unless same is within one or other of the following districts: Ha-Wan, from Spring Gardens Eastwards, Sei-in-Poon, from the Junction of Hollywood Road and Queens Road West, Westward, and Tai-ping-Shan, except such parts of districts or portions of districts as face the Queens Road. And if such person shall be convicted of keeping a brothel outside of such districts as aforesaid, or an unregistered brothel within the same, such person shall be imprisoned.

The Register General shall keep a register of all such brothels, and also shall enter the name of the keeper of such brothels.

Every keeper, Mistress, Manager of registered brothel shall once in every week render the Registrar a true report of condition of Health of each and every of the prostitutes therein.

In every registered brothel there shall be kept suspended, in some public place, a board, containing in English and Chinese language, a list of names and ages of inmates, then resident in House, and such list shall be altered from time to time.

Every prostitute, or inmate of registered brothel, who shall be declared by Colonial Surgeon or other Medical Officer to be afflicted with venereal disease shall by his order be removed to Hospital, and when cured shall receive a certificate and when returning to brothel show to Register General or to Inspector of Police.

If any prostitute laboring under venereal disease shall infect any person, to satisfaction of Chief Magistrate, she shall be punished after conviction in Goal or Hospital and the keeper of brothel shall also be punished.

Every keeper of brothel shall pay to Registrar General or his Collector four hundred dollars per mensem into Colonial Treasury.



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### LEAGUE OF NATIONS: ADVISORY COMMISSION FOR THE PROTECTION AND WELFARE OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE: TRAFFIC IN WOMEN AND CHILDREN COMMITTEE

Official C.T.F.E. 336 (2)

### PORTUGAL AND PORTUGUESE COLONY OF MACAO: REGULATIONS AND CASES

#### *Portugal reported to the League of Nations:*

"The system of recognized brothels is in our opinion an expedient although a regrettable one which has the effect of mitigating and reducing to a minimum the effects of an evil which is difficult to remedy."

#### *A later reply states:*

"I beg to forward you a statement of the effects of the regulations of prostitution on the traffic in women, with attached copies of regulations or executive orders concerning licensed houses and the Traffic in women and children.

The results achieved are unfortunately not satisfactory, as these measures do very little to hinder the traffic in women, because:

The regulations lay down rules regarding the registration of licensed prostitutes, but contain no provisions for the prevention of procuring.

Article 406 of the Penal Code refers to persons who incite, promote or facilitate the corruption of children, but this article in the Code does not cover all those who are addicted to procuring.

In general the entry of licensed prostitutes on our Police registers becomes obligatory, when, after warning, they are met with in public places carrying on their unhappy trade. The authorities afford them special facilities and, besides, gives them leeway to have their names taken off the Registers when they can show that they have obtained a situation which guarantees them their future conduct.

The Police adopt the severe measures laid down in Article 210 and its various paragraphs of Decree No. 10,767, dated May 15th, 1925, which read as follows:

Minors under 16 years of age may not under any pretext whatever frequent licensed houses or Maisons de Passe, houses where prohibited gambling is carried on, or Clubs or taverns, or attend Cinematograph Halls or Theaters, at which the entertainment is liable to harm their morals or corrupt or pervert them.

Licensed Prostitutes, Madames of licensed houses or other persons directly or indirectly responsible for the management of the house referred to in Article 61, paragraph 4 (c), who allow minors of either sex under 16 years of age to visit or frequent or inhabit such houses shall be liable to correctional imprisonment for a term not exceeding six months."

The number of houses in Portugal and Colonies in which prostitution is secretly carried out is astounding and existing legislation is very defective, because the only punishment is an ordinary fine, which the keepers of the houses are quite prepared to pay, when the offenders are caught in *flagrante delicto* . . . a very difficult matter, because most of these brothels are private dwellings, which the police cannot enter. In addition to these brothels there are numerous so-called Clubs and Societies formed for the purpose of amusement, which play a large part in the prostitution and corruption of young girls. For the purpose of registration, the women must submit their birth-certificate and photograph, which are forwarded for verification to their birthplace. In reply to questions as to their occupation, they invariably allege unemployment or lack of means, or else desertion by their seducer.

The Portuguese authorities have not discovered as yet cases of any woman or minor having been seduced for immoral purpose.

The National Council of Portuguese Women and the Suffrage Alliance have carried on their campaign against the Traffic in women and against State regulation of Prostitution.

They are grateful to the League of Nations for the interest it shows in the moral protection of women. Yet they are confident that the results so far obtained have been terribly small, and they are also of the opinion that the traffic from Lisbon and other Portuguese points to the colonies of young Portuguese girls has been enormous, and that this traffic, should it ever be abolished, can only achieve this purpose by severe measures.

The Civil Government of Lisbon as well as the Council of Macao have agreed, pending the closing of licensed houses, to abolish ground floor rooms opening on the street and other external signs indicating the purpose to which the buildings are put.

*Extract from the Report of the Special Body of Experts to the League of Nations*

One Madame 31-M at 297 said: "Portugal is the only country where a girl of 14 can get into a brothel. When asked if the parents did not object, she said that the parents had brought the girl to her." The Chief of the Policia Administrativa Lisboa estimates that over 26 per cent of the registered girls are from 16-21 years of age.

Information from underworld sources indicate that Police are very lenient about soliciting on streets and many of the girls are not registered.

Lisbon is one of the centers for the Manufacture and International distribution of obscene pictures.

There are three classes of licensed houses in Portugal and Macao: Houses in which the licensed prostitutes live together under a proprietress. Houses in which the inmates have their own domicile, and "Maisons de Passe," which they visit for purpose of prostitution.

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### OFFENSES AGAINST MORALITY IN SHANGHAI

*Extract from* The Provisional Criminal Code of the Republic of China, embodying Presidential Mandates, the Provisional Criminal Code Amendment Act, the revised draft of the law on offenses relating to morphine, revised regulations governing military criminal cases, naval criminal cases.

*Published by the Commission on Extra Territoriality,  
Peiping, 1923*

*Article 283.* Whoever commits any indecent act against a male or female person under twelve years of age, shall be punished with imprisonment and fine.

Where such act is committed by means of violence, threats, drugs, hypnotism, or by any other means that renders resistance impossible the offender shall be punished with prison and fine.

Whoever has carnal knowledge of a female person under 12 years of age shall be deemed to have committed rape.

*Article 288.* Whoever for lucrative purposes induces any woman belonging to a respectable family to have illicit intercourse with any person for hire, shall be imprisoned and fined.

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### AN ORDINANCE FOR THE INCORPORATION OF THE CHINESE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF KIDNAPING AND FOR THE PROTECTION OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE PO LEUNG KUK

In 1878 a Chinese Society entitled Po Leung Kuk was formed in Hongkong colony for the protection of women and children and same has been supported by voluntary contributions and has rendered assistance in detecting and suppression of crime of kidnaping and white slavery and sale of girls and women for immoral purpose.

#### *Article 20 of that Ordinance*

Any person apprehended by any police officer shall, without unreasonable delay, be taken to a police station and any woman or girl, or other person in respect of whom there is cause to suspect that an offense has been or is being or about to be committed, may be taken at once to such place as may be provided by the Society or such other place of safety as the Secretary for Chinese Affairs may direct, until proper provision can be made for the protection of such person's interests and liberty.



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### SUPPRESSION OF TRAFFIC IN NARCOTICS. ILLICIT TRADING ON A LARGE SCALE

*Extract from the London Times: From the League of Nations Correspondent, dated Geneva, January 25, 1929*

Views expressed during the 12th sitting of the Opium Committee at Geneva, by Wang King Ky, Former Professor of the History of Treaties between China and Foreign Powers, in the National University of Peiping, Chinese Minister to Belgium.

The League of Nations Opium Committee in concluding to-day its examination of the Governmental reports on recent seizures of Narcotics had under consideration recent seizures of narcotics, and one of the most important documents on illicit traffic ever before the Commission. This was the Memorandum of the Dutch Government on a Factory in Holland, which had imported Morphine, Heroin and Cocaine on a large scale from Switzerland and had exported them mainly through agents in Vienna to the Far East. The

factory is no longer permitted to make or handle dangerous drugs, the Viennese agents have been either arrested or expelled, and several consignments in question have been seized or destroyed in various ports.

The British Delegate, Sir Malcolm Delevingne, presented a report on the activities of the factory showing that its illicit operations amounted to 955 kilogrammes or approximately 35,000 ounces of morphine, 3,040 kilogrammes, or approximately 113,000 ounces of heroin and 90 kilogrammes, or 3,350 ounces of cocaine, of which 6,760 kilogrammes of morphine, 2,316 kilogrammes of heroin and 40 kilogrammes of cocaine were consigned to China. A Swiss firm was mentioned as sending to the Dutch factory in transit no less than 317 kilogrammes of morphine and 1,609 kilogrammes or 60,000 ounces of heroin.

Signor Cavazonni, the Italian delegate, pointed out that 3,000 kilogrammes of heroin could create tens of millions of victims. Mr. Sato, the Japanese delegate, calculated that the medical needs of the whole Chinese nation would be but 700 kilogrammes of morphine.

At yesterday's sitting Sir Malcolm Delevingne drew attention to the amount of information contained in the Italian report upon methods employed in the underworld for the distribution of cocaine and on the close relations between the cocaine traffic and that of the White Slave Traffic and the traffic in women and children.

This report stated "that in one case . . . as a result of a surprise visit by the Italian police, it was discovered that cocaine powder was being deliberately sprinkled on the clothes and faces of girls of 13 to facilitate their victimization for the White Slave Traffic.

The ingenuity employed by the smugglers appears to have no limit. Those engaged in crossing frontiers . . . One cripple arrested in Naples had cocaine hidden in his crutches. . . .

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Official No. C 420. M 229. 1932.

XI, OC. 1441 (2) May 2, 1932

ADVISORY COMMITTEE OF TRAFFIC IN OPIUM AND OTHER  
DANGEROUS DRUGS: REPORT TO THE COUNCIL ON THE WORK  
OF THE FIFTEENTH SESSION, HELD AT GENEVA, APRIL 15TH  
TO MAY 4TH, 1932

*Among many reports and articles, the following is of interest:*

When the Hongkong report was examined, the Spanish Delegate drew attention to the important traffic which existed in 1932 in the Far East in heroin pills, which were smoked instead of prepared opium and he pointed out that it was important for the Committee to ascertain the physiological effects of this use of heroin, which were perhaps similar to those of opium.

The Committee discussed at this meeting that the sources of supply for the illicit trade in manufactured drugs which

is still large, is carried on mainly with North America, Far East and Egypt.

Sir Malcolm Delevingne pointed out at this conference that the powers represented by most of the previous speakers had never had the problem of opium smoking on a large scale to deal with and that the implications of their criticism was that his and other Governments were actuated in their policy by sordid pecuniary motives. The British policy in this respect has been clearly stated by Lord Cecil at the Geneva conference of 1925, namely, that financial reasons would not be allowed to prevent the suppression of opium smoking as and when that became possible . . . as long as the smoking of opium continued on a large scale suppression was impossible. If a monopolistic policy did not stop smuggling, neither did prohibition, as the experience of the United States of America in the Philippine islands showed.

The Chinese representative has made no attempt to show that the production of opium in China and the smuggling of opium from China did not exist on a large scale. The statements in the Chinese Government reports for 1930 that opium was only produced in certain bandit infested regions and that strict prohibition was in force over the use of prepared opium could not be reconciled with a mass of information in the possession of interested powers or with the protests of the Chinese Anti-Opium Association and a section of the Chinese Press.

The Bangkok conference therefore has found in 1932 that the difficulties in the way of suppression of the opium smoking in the territories of the Far Eastern Powers remain as great if not greater than those reported in 1925.

CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION: LEAGUE OF NATIONS. XI GENÈVE: LEAGUE OF NATIONS: ADVISORY COMMITTEE IN TRAFFIC IN OPIUM

*Report to the Council on the work of the Seventh Session*

A rather interesting seizure was made:

Ex. ss. Glentara, consignment consisted of 16 cases of iron bedsteads consigned to *Quonk Yik, Shanghai*. . . . On June 16th, Government of Hongkong seized 2,622 ounces of heroin, concealed in the hollow legs of the bedsteads. All consignments in the first instance came from Basle, shipped by Messrs. MacDonald & Co.

In order to explain the bedstead shipment: The heroin of the bedsteads seized at Hongkong was packed in tin tubes specially made to fit the hollow legs of the iron bedsteads. The bedsteads themselves appear to have been adapted to the purpose, there being, above the castors, which were made to screw off, plugs, which, after the heroin had been inserted, were soldered into place.













